Dr. Clarke, Louth.

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Jo: Maule.

Tho: Jolley Esq: F.S.A.

Plate of HCH 88201

ANE

Cōpendious

of godlie Psalmes and spirit
collectit furthe of sindrie pa
Scripture, with diuersis vthe
tis changeit out of prophan
in godlie sangis, for auoi
sin and harlatrie. Wit
mentation of sindrie
and godlie Ballat
not contenit in th
first editionn.

¶ Imprenti
Edinburgh be IOHNE
for Henrie Charter
M. D. LXXVI

Cum priuilegio

MANACK
for ix. zeiris.

The zeir of our Lord.	Pasche day.	The Golden number.	The Sondays Letter.	The Leip zeir.
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The Lamentatioun of a Sinner.

O LORD in thee is all my trust,
gine eare vnto my wofull cry:
Refuse me not that am vniust,
bot bowing doun thy heauenly eye.
Behald how I do still lament,
my sinnes quhairin I do offend:
O Lord for thame sall I be shent.
sen thee to please I do intend.

No, no, not so thy will is bent,
to deale with sinners in thyne ire:
Bot quhen in hart thay sall repent,
thow grantst with speid thair iust
To the thairfoir still sall I cry desyret
To washe a way my sinfull cryme:
Thy blude (O Lord) is not zit dry
bot that thow may help me in tyme

For quhy whill I on eirth remaine,
opprest allace with wo and greif:
My febill hart plunged in paine,
doth sigh and sew for thy releif
Sweit Christ will thow not then appeir,
to comfort thame that comfort laike
Will thow not bow thyne eir to heir,
Lord Jesus cum and be not slake.

For then sall thyne ressaue thair rest
thair ioy. thair blys, thair perfite [illegible]

The Lamentatioun.

And se thy face of treasure best,
O Lord that dois our ſoyes increes
Then ſall thow giue thoſe Nobill crownes
Quhilk thine awin blud hes deirly boght
Then ſall thoſe Pſalmes and hie Renownes
Begeuin in grace moſt richely wrocht.

Then ſall thy Saintes redemed deir,
from baill to blys remoued be:
And ſweiteſt Chriſt, thy ſweit voyce heir
cum vnto me Babes cum to me.
Cum Reigne in ioye Eternallie,
cum reigne in blys that hes na end,
Cum thairfoir Lord, cum Chriſt we pray,
our preſſed greif with ſpeid amend.

Haſte thee (O Lord) haſte thee I ſay,
to powre on me the giftes of grace:
That quhen this lyfe muſt flit away,
in heuin with the I may haue place
Quhair thow doſt reigne Eternally,
with God quhilk once did doun thee ſend
Quhair Angels ſings continually,
to thee be praiſe warld without end

So be it.

¶THE PROLOGVE.

PAVLE writand to the Colloſſ. in his thrid Chap. ſayis, let the word of God dwel in zow plenteouſlie in all wiſdõe, teiching and erhorting zour awin ſelfis with Pſalmes, & hymnis, and ſpirituall ſãgis, quhilkis haue luſe to God & fauouris his word. We haue heir ane plane Tert, that the word of God Intreſſis plenteouſlie in vs, be ſinging of the Pſalmes, and ſpiritual ſangis and that ſpeciallie amãg zoung perſonis, and ſic as ar not erercisit in the Scriptures, for thay wil ſoner conſaue the trew word, nor quhen thay heir it ſung in Latine, the quhilks thay wait not quhat it is. Bot quhen thay heir it ſung into thair vulgar toũg or ſingis it thame ſelfis with ſweit melodie, then ſal thay luſe thair Lord God with hart and mynde, and cauſe them to put away baudrie & vnclene ſangis. Pray God. Amen.

¶ The text of the Catechisme.

THE text of the Catechisme, or Instructioun of Christiane men, quhilk is necessare til everie man that wald be saif, to knaw and exercise thame selfis daylie thairin; contening the ten commandementis of God, the twelf artickis of our Faith, the Lordis prayer, of our Baptisme, and of the Lordis Supper. And first the ten commandementis of God as thay ar writtin in Exodus in the twentie Chapter.

I Am the Lord thy God, quhilk haue brocht the out of the land of Egypt, and furth of the hous of bondage. Thow sall haue nane vther godis befoir my face. Thow sall not mak to thy self ony grauin Image, nor the similitude of ony thing that is in heuin abone, nor in the erth beneth, nor in the watter vnder the erth, thow sall not bow to thame nor worschip thame. For I the Lord thy God am a Jelous God, and visite the sinnes of the Fatheris vpon the Children vnto the thrid and fourt generatioun of thame that hait me, and schew mercie vnto thousandis of the that lufe me and keipis my commandementis.

Thow sall not tak the Name of the Lord thy God in vane.

Remember that thow keip haly the Sabboth day.

Honour

Honour thy Father and thy Mother.
Thow sall do na Murther.
Thow sall not commit Adulterie.
Thow sall not Steill.
Thow sall not beir sals witnes aganis thy Nichtbour.
Thow sall not couet thy Nichtbouris hous, thow sall not couet thy Nichtbouris wyfe, nor his seruand, nor his Mayd, nor his Ore nor his Asse, nor ony thing that is thy Nichtbouris.

¶ The threitning of God maid to them that brekis his commandementis, and his promeis maid to them that keipis them. Deut. xvij.

Cursit ar thay that continewis not in all the wordis of this Law, to do them, and all the pepil sall say Amen. Exod. xx. Chap.

¶ The twelf Artickis of our Faith, as thay war writtin be the Apostillis to the thre personis in Trinitie.

1 I Beleue in God the Father almichtie, maker of heuin and eird.
2 And in Jesus Christ his only sone our Lord.
3 Quhilk was conseuit be the haly Gaist, borne of the Virgine Mary.
4 Sufferit vnder Ponce Pylate, was crucifyit, deid, and burvit, and descendit into hell.
5 The thrid day he rais againe from the deid.
6 He ascendit into heuin, and sittis at the richt

hand of God the Father almichtie.
7 And efter sall cum to Judge the quicke and the deid.
8 I Beleue in the haly Gaist.
9 The haly Kirk vniuersall, the communioun of Sanctes.
10 The Remissioun of Synnis.
11 The Resurrectioun of the body.
12 And life Euerlasting. So be it.

¶The Lordis prayer as it is writtin in the 6. Chap. of S. Mathew, quhilk Christ leirnit vs to pray, contening sex petitiounis, and all thingis necessarie for vs. &c.

1 OVR Father that art in heuin, hallowit be thy Name.
2 Thy Kingdome cum.
3 Thy will be done in eirth as it is in heuin.
4 Gine vs this day our daylie breid.
5 Forgiue vs our trespassis, as we forgiue them that trespas agains vs.
6 And leid vs not into temptatioun. Bot deliuer vs from euill. For thine is the Kingdome, the power and the glorie for euer. Amen.

¶Of our Baptisme.

GO your way and teiche all Nationis, and Baptise them in the Name of the Father & of the Sone, and of the haly Gaist. Matth. xxi. Chap. Go your way into all the warld, and preiche the Euangell, till all creatures, and quha

thes

that beleuis and is Baptiſit ſall be ſaif, bot quha beleuis not, ſal be condempnit. ad Titum. Cap. iij. Not for the workis of righteouſnes that we haif wrocht, bot efter his greit mercie God hes ſaunt vs be the fontane of the new birth, and renewing of the haly Gaiſt, quhilk he ſched on vs abundantly throw Jeſus Chriſt our Sauiour, that we being maid richteous be his grace, ſuld be airis of Eternall life, accoirding to hope, this is trew, Rom. vj. Thairfoir we ar buryit with Chriſt be Baptiſme into deid, like as Chriſt was raiſit fra deid be the glorie of his Father, euin ſa we alſo ſuld walk in a new life.

¶The Lordis Supper, as it is writtin in the firſt Epiſtil to the Cor. ij. Chap.

THAT quhilk I haue deliuerit vnto zow, I reſſauit of the Lord, for the Lord Jeſus the ſame nicht, in the quhilk he was betrayit, tuke the breid, brak it, gaue thankis, and ſaid. Tak ze, eit ze, this is my body quhilk is brokin for zow do ze this in remembrance of me. Efter the ſame maner alſo, he tuke the coupe, quhen the Supper was done, and ſaid. This coupe is the new Teſtament in my blude, do this als oft as ze drink it in the remembrance of me, for als oft as ze ſall eit of this breid, and drink of this coupe, ze ſall declair the Lordis deith vntill his cumming. Wharefoir, quhaſaeuer ſall eit of this breid, and drinke of this coupe of the Lord vnworthely, ſalbe giltie of the body and blude of the Lord. Bot let euerie

man examine him self, & let him eit of this breid, and drink of this coupe. For he that eitis and drinkis vnworthely, eitis and drinkis his awin dampnatioun, becaus he makis na difference of the Lordis body and blude.

¶The power of binding and lowsing grantit to the trew preicheris of Goddis word.
Mathew xvj. Chapter.

THE keyis of heuin wil I giue vnto the. quhat saeuer thow sal bind vpon the eird, salbe boūd also in heuin. and quhatsaeuer thow sall louse vpon the eird. sall be lowsit also in heuin. Quhais sinnis ze forgiue, ar forgeuin vnto them, & quhais sinnis ze retene, ar retenit vnto them.

¶Heir followis the Catechisme put in meter, to be sung with the tune, and first the ten Commandementis.

MOYSES vpon the Mont Sinay,
with the greit God spak face for face,
Fastand and prayand but delay,
The tyme of fourtie day is space,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

And God gaue him thir ten Commandis,
To teiche to mankinde euerie one,

And

And wrait them with his awiu handis
Twyse on twa Tabillis maid of stone,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

i I am thy God allanerlie,
Serue me in feir and faith thairfoir,
Worschip na kinde of Imagerie,
And giue na creature my gloir,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

ii Tak not the Name of God in vaine,
Bot let zour talk be nay and ze
Except ane Judge do zow constraine,
To testifie the veritie.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

iii Wirk na euill wark on haly day,
Fle from all siufull lust and sleuth,
Walk and be sober, fast and pray.
Heir him that preiche the word of treuth
O God be mercyfull to vs.

iiii Honour thy Elders, and them supplie,
Gif that thair neid of thee requyre,
Obey all Judges in their degre,
Ordand onir the to haue Impyre,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

v Thow sall not slay in na kin wyse,
In counsell, thocht, nor outward deid,
Be thow ane Judge, or ou ane Syse,
In Judgement ordourly proceid,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

vj Commit na kinde of Licherie,
Bot leif ane chaiſt and ſober lyfe,
Want thow the gift of Chaiſtitie
Burne not in luſt, bot wed ane wyfe.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

vij Commit na thift, na man thow reif,
Leif on thy wage, thy rent or wark,
Hald na manis geir, let nane the craif,
Beg not, and thow be haill and ſtark,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

viij. Beir na witnes with fals report,
In contrair Juſt and richteous men,
Defame na man in ony ſort,
Suppois his fault or vice thow ken,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

ix Thy Nichtbouris wyfe, hous, heritage,
Thow couet not, to the or wis,
His hors, his Ore, his Mayd nor Page,
Nor ony gudis that is his,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

x Our poyſound nature (allace thairfoir)
Can neuer mair this Law fulfill,
Bot grenand God ay moir and moir,
And can not wirk his godly will.
O God be mercyfull to vs.

Then quhy to vs gaue God this Law:
The quhilk be na way we can keip,
That we be it our Sin ſuld knaw,

Repent

Repent and mend, and for it weip,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

Trew Faith in Christ wirkand be luke,
Sall saue vs from the fyre of hell,
Thocht Goddis Angell wald vs reprufe
As falo and curst ze him erpell,
O God be mercyfull to vs.

¶ Of our Beleif.

WE trow in God allanerlie,
Full of all mycht and Maiestie.
Maker of heum and eird sa braid
Quhilk hes him self our Father maid
And we his Sonnis ar in deid,
He will vs keip in all our neid
Baith saull and body to defend,
That na mischance sall vs offend,
He takis cure baith day and nicht,
To saue vs throw his godly mycht
Fra Sathans subtelte and slicht.

We trow in Jesus Christ his Sone,
God lyke in gloir, our Lord alone.
Quhilk for his mercy and his grace,
Wald man be borne to mak our peace
Of Mary Mother Virgin chaist
Consauit be the haly Gaist.
And for our saik on croce did die,
Fra Sin and hell to mak vs fre.
And rais from deith throw his Godhed
Our Mediator and our remeid.

Sall cum to Judge baith quick and deid.

We trow in God the haly Spreit,
In all distres our comfort sweit,
We trow the Kirk Catholick be,
And faithfull Christin companie
Throw all the warld with ane accord,
Remissioun of our Sin we trow,
And this same flesche that leuis now
Sall stand vp at the latter day,
And bruik Eternall lyfe for ay.

FINIS.

OVR Father God Omnipotent,
Quhen Christ thy Sone was heir present,
He bad vs euer pray to the,
(Becaus we knew not for to pray)
He leirnit vs quhat we suld say.
Syne hecht to heir vs mercyfullie.

Sen the to call, is thy command,
Thyne awin wordis then vnderstand,
Quhilk thow hes promeist for till heir,
Behald not my vnrichteousnes,
Bot luke till Christis richteousnes
And with thy faith my Spreit vp steir.

Lord thow will haue allanerlie,
[illegible]schip in Spreit and veritie,
[illegible] haue vther giue thy gloir,
Thy Name then let vs luke and dreid,
And call on Sin all our neid,
And thank and loue the euermoir,

Destroy

Destroy the Deuill, his Realme and Reigne
Quhilk of this warld is Prince and King,
And let thy Gospell be our gyde,
Conforme our lyfe efter thy word
That we may reigne for euer (O Lord)
In thy Kinrik with the to byde.

God grant that we may wirk thy will,
In eird thy plesure to fulfill,
Sicly ke as in the heuin Impyre,
And quhat that euer we tak on hand,
May be conforme to thy command,
And nathing efter our desyre.

Gine vs this day our daylie breid,
And all thing that chow hes maid,
For mennis sustentatioun,
And all thing quhairof we haue neid,
Our sauill and body for to feid,
But sleuth or solistatioun.

Forgiue our sinnis, and our trespas,
For Christis saik, quhilk geuin was,
To deid for our Redemptioun,
As we forgiue all Creature,
Offendand vs baith riche and pure,
Hartfully without exemptioun.

Defend vs from temptatioun,
The feind and his [illegible]
The warld sa fals the fragill flesche [illegible]
Saif vs from schame, and from dispair,
From [illegible] and [illegible]

And Deuillis doctrine mair or les.

Deliuer vs from euillis all,
Baith Spirituall and Corporall,
And grant vs grace quhen we sall die
And fra this present lyfe we wend,
That we may makane blyssit end,
Syne reigne with the Eternallie.

Power nor gloir, Impyre nor tryne,
Is nane in heuui, nor eirth bot thyne,
And euer mair sall sa remaine
Thairfoir thow may, and wil releue
All them that can in Christ beleue,
From deid, the deuill, and hellis paine.

FINIS.

¶The effect of the Sacrament of Baptisme, and first institutioun thairof, declaring alswa quhat singular comfort we obtene be the samin.

CHRIST baptist was be Johne in Jordan
For to fulfil for vs all richteousnes, (slude
And our Baptisme do tit with Sanctitude,
And greit vertew: to wesche our sinfulnes
To drowne the deid, and hell for to oppres
Quhen Goddis word with water Joynit be,
Throw Faith to gif vs life Eternallie.

For our waiknes God of his mercy sweit,
To strenth our Faith ordand this Sacrament
In Name of Father, Sone and haly Spreit,
To wesche our body, and in our minde to prent

That

That worde and water outward represent,
Throw wirking of the Spirit into our hart,
That Christis blude weschis away the sin (In
(wart.

Our Baptisme is ane takin, and ane signe,
That auld Adame suld drownit be and die,
And grauit in the deid of Christ our King
To rise with him to life Eternallie,
That is, we suld our sin ay mortifie,
Resistand vice, leif haly, Iust and trew,
And throw the Spirit daylie our life renew.

Be figure and be word, Christ did vs teiche,
The Fatheris voyce was hard sayand full cleir
Iesus quhome I haue send my word to preiche
He is my weilbelouit Sone sa deir
In word, in wark, allone ze sall him heir,
In him is all my plesure and delyte
To him I zow commit baith small and greit.

The haly Gaist come downe to testifie,
His doctrine and his Baptisme to declair
In forme of dow, sat on him soberlie:
In our Baptisme to dout not nor dispair
Baith Father, Sone, and haly Gaist ar thair,
To be our gyde the Trinitie him sell,
Des geuin in eird with vs to dwell.

Christ bad his Apostillis preiche to all creature
That thay with sin and hell war all forlorne,
Quha will beleue, and traist my wordis sure
And Bapteist is, and new againe is borne
And Sathan and his warkis hes forsworne

Thay sall be saif, and neuer mair sall die
Bot ring in gloir perpetuall with me.

Quha will not this greit grace beleif, to hell
Salbe condempnit, with Eternall deid
Quhair Purgatorie and pardounis will not sell
And gude Intent, thair Pylate plicht and leid
Dum ceremoneis, the quhilk themselfhes maid
And vowis vaine, quhilk thay did neuer keip.
Sall gar thame gnashe thair teith & eyis weip.

Our eine seis outward bot the watter cauld,
Bot our pure faith the power spiritnall
Of Christis blude, inwart it dois behauld
Quhilk is ane leuand well Celestiall
Zit for to purge the penitent with all
Our natiue sin, in Adame to expell
And all trespas, committit be our sell.

Our Baptisme is not done all on ane day,
Bot all our lyfe, it lestis Identlie.
Remissioun of our sin, induris for ay,
For thocht we fall, throw grit fragylitie
The cunnand anis contract faithfullie
Be our grit God, at Font sall euer remaine,
Als oft as we repent, and sin refraine,

We can not giue to God louing conding
For sa greit grace, and mercy Infinite
Quhilk Institute this Sacrament and Sing,
Quhais greit vertew in veirs I can not dyte
Bot mony cunning Clerk of it dois wryte
Full Christianely, als the Catechisme buke,

Declaris

Declaris at lenth, quha list to luke.

¶ The Supper of the Lord, and richt vse of it to be sung.

OVR Sauiour Christ King of grace,
with God the Father maid our peace
And with his bludie woundis fell
Des vs redemit from the Hell.

And he that we suld not forzet
Gaue vs his body for to eit
In forme of breid, and gaue vs syne.
His blude to drink in forme of wyne.

Quha will ressaue this Sacrament,
Suld haue trew faith, and sin repent,
Quha vsis it vnworthelie
Ressauis deid Eternallie.

We suld to God giue praise and gloir
That sched his blude vs to restoir,
Cit this in his remembrance,
In signe of thy delyuerance.

Thow suld not dout, bot fast beleue,
That Christis body sall releue
All them that ar in heuines
Repentand sair thair sinfulnes.

Sic grace and mercy nane can craif,
Bot thay that troublit hartis haif:
Feill thow then sin abstene thy sell.

Or thy rewaird sall be in hell.

Christ sayis, sinners cum vnto me,
Quhilk myster hes of my mercie:
Neidis thow nocht my Medicine
I lois my paine and trauell tyne.

Giue thow thy self thy Saull euld win,
In vaine I deit for thy sin:
My Supper is nocht graithit for the
Gif thow can mak thy self supplie.

Will thow thy sinfull life confes,
And with this wark thy faith expres:
Sa ar ze worthie small and greit
And it sall strenth zone faith perfite,

And thow sall thankfull be thairfoir
And loue thy God for euermoir
Thy Nichtbour lufe, and als supplie,
Dis neid, as Christ hes done for thee.

¶Certaine Graces to be sung or said befoir or efter meit.

ALL meit and drink was creat be the Lord,
Ressauit for to be with thankfulnes,
Til all faithful knawers of the trew word
To satisfie thair neid with sobernes.
All fode is gude, the quhilk God creat hes
And not to be refusit ony day
Only to God geuing the louing ay
Be prayer, and be Goddis word all meit

Vnto

Vnto the clene, all thingis is clene to eit,
Thairfoir we pray his godly Maiestie
To blys our meit and all our companie,
And saif vs fra erres and drunkinnes
Efter our meit to thank his gentilnes.

CHRIST lernit vs on God how we suld call
And bad vs pray, syne hecht to heir vs all:
Our Father God quhilk is in heuin sa hie,
Thy glorious Name with vs mot hallowit be,
Let cum to vs thy Kingdome: and thy gloir
Thy will mot be fulfillit euermoir.
In eird, as it is in heuin but variance,
Giue vs this day our daylie sustenance
Forgiue our detteis for Christis paine and smart,
As we forgiue our detteris with our hart
And leid vs not into temptatioun,
Bot for Christ Jesus bitter passioun
Delyuer vs from euillis Spirituall
And corporall, now and perpetuall.
Saif vs gude Lord for thy promeis deuyne,
For Kingdome, power, gloir and all is thyne.

WE thank our God baith kynde and liberall
His grace and mercy dois euer Indure,
He geuis sustentatioun to vs all.
To man and beist, and euerie creature,
And he allone, dois frid baith riche and pure.
Thairfoir to God be gloir allanerlie,
Throw Jesus Christ, we thank him hartfullie.

ALL Creature on the Lord dependis,
Thair sustenance for to resaue of the,

Thair meit & drink in tyme to them thow sendis
Thow oppinnis furth thy hand full graciously
And satisfyis all fleshe abundantly.
Blys vs gude Lord into thir giftis gude,
Quhilk thow hes grein to be our daylie fude.

TO our gude God, of warldis Lord and King,
Full of mercy, only trew and wyse,
Be louing, honour, gloir, without ending
Kingdome, Impyre, hich renoun and pryse,
With mynde and mouth, gine we ane thousand
All gloir to him, quhilk alone worthie is, (lyse,
Asking for Christ to bring vs to his blis.

WE thank the God of thy gudnes,
Throw Jesus Christ our gratious Lord
For thy greit mercy and gentilnes
Quhilk feidis vs with thy sweit word,
Sen all that euer tuke lyfe of the
Thow satisfyis abundantlie,
we praise the all with ane accord.

As thow hes fed this sinfull flesche,
Quhilk sone sall die, and turne in asse:
Sicklyke the sillie saull refresche
The quhilk Immortall creat was.
God for thy grace and mercy greit
Grant vs ane stedfast faith perfite,
And in thy gloir with the to pas.

To God on heich be louing maist,
Quhilk louelis sin allanerlie
Will all that will repent and traist

Cu

On Jesus Christ his Son e onlie,
Thow makis them thy Sone and air
Throw hun thow will them saif from e air,
To quhome be gloir Eternallie.

¶Certaine spirituall sangis, togidder with ane confessioun of sin, and ane prayer.

SORE I complaine of Sin,
And with King Dauid weip:
I feill my hart within
The wraith of God full deip.
I wyte my greit trespas
Is caus of all my wo,
Quhairwith God greuit was
Full sore and oft allo.

O God I me confes,
Ane sinfull creature
Full of all wretchitnes
Fragill, vaine, vyle and pure.
Thair is na gude in me
Bot pryde, lust and desyre
And warldis vanitie,
The way to hellis fyre.

Except God do me saue,
From hell and endles paine:
My sin will me diffame:
Quhilk I can not refraine.
My only hope and traist
Help my fragilitie
My sinnes to dereit

Reſiſtand conſtantlie.

O Caſt me not away,
For my grit ſinne o Lord
I grant my vices all:
Blaſphemit hes thy word.
God for thy grit mercie
And Chriſtis woundis wyde
Ane ſteidfaſt Faith grant me
Allone to be my gyde.

Chriſt Goddis Sone allone,
Victour of deid and hell:
Thow tuke my nature one
My ſinnis to expell,
And gaif thy ſelf to plaige,
Me Latine to conuoy:
To my richt heritage
From paine to heuinlie ioy.

Thy ſeruand Lord defend,
Quhome thow hes bocht ſa deir
Trew preichours to me ſend
Thy word to ſchaw me cleir,
Lat me my lyfe amend,
And thairin perſeueir
Grant me ane bliſſit end
Quhen I ſall part from heir.

O Lord God halp Spreit,
Full of benignitie
Trew Chriſtis promeis ſweit
Teiche me the veritie,

Erpell

Expell my Ignorance
My ſinnis mortifie
Grant me perſeuerance
Unto the end trewlie.

FINIS.

¶ Ane ſang of our corrupt nature, and the only remeid thairof.

WE wretchit ſinners pure
Our ſin hes vs forlorne:
Thairin all creature, conſauit is and borne
Sin hes wrocht vs ſic paine,
That we without remeid
Condempnit ar and ſlane, to hell the deuil & deid
Lord haue mercy on vs, Chriſt haue mercy. &c.

Our warkis can nocht be
As dois the Law requyre:
Nor zit can ſatiſfie, our Fatheris wraith and Ire
Na deid can mak vs fre
From our greit ſinfulnes.
Bot Goddis Sone muſt die, for our vnrichteouſ-nes.
Lord haue mercy on vs, Chriſt haue &c.

Or had not Chriſt bene ſend
Cled in our vyle nature,
Fra hell vs to defend, our deidly wound to cure,
And willingly to die,
Fra Sin to mak vs clene
we had Eternallie, In hell condemned beine,
Lord haue mercy on vs, Chriſt haue [illegible]

Man now hes thy peace,

Sic luke God ſchawis the
He takis the in his grace, his mortall Ennemie,
Throw Faith in Chriſt ſa kynde,
Quhilk freely gaif him ſell
On Croce for to be pynde, to laif vs fra the hell.
Lord haif mercy. Chriſt haif mercy. Lord. &c.

This we ſuld euer beleue,
And nocht diſpair for ſin:
For hel cãnot vs greue, the deid nor deuil thairin
We ar maid Juſt and rycht
And freed from panis ſore,
Throw chriſt ỳ Lord of micht, bliſſit for euermore
Lord haif mercy, Chriſt haif mercy, Lord. &c.

Thairfoir lat vs loue and pryſe,
God the Father feruentlie.
We thank ane thouſand ſyſe, his ſones Maieſtie,
we pray the haly Gaiſt
Our ſin to mortifie,
And not diſpair, bot traiſt gods word maiſt faith full
Lord haif mercy, Chriſt haif mercy, &c.

¶Ane ſang of the fleſhe and the Spirit.

ALL Chriſtin men taktent and leir,
How ſaull and body is at weir:
Upon this eird baith lait and air
with cruell battell Jdentlie,
And nane may not ane vther flie.

¶The fleſhe.

The fleſche ſaid ſen J haue haill,
J will in zouth with luſtis daill:

Or

Or age with sorrow me assaill
With Joy I will my tyme ouirdrine
And will not with my lustis stryne.

¶The Spreit.

The Spreit said, thocht I charge the nocht
Dreid God, and haue his Law in thocht.
Thow hecht quhen thow to Font was brocht
Efter his Law lust to refraine
And not to wirk his word againe.

¶The fleshe.

The flesche said, I am stark and wicht,
To wacht gude wyne, fresche, cauld and bricht
And tak my plesure day and nicht,
With singing, playing, and to dance
And set on sex and seum the chance.

¶The Spreit.

The Spreit said, think on the riche man,
Quhilk all time in his lustis ran,
Body and saull he loiffit than
And syne was buryit into hell
As Christ Jesus hes said him sell.

¶The fleshe.

The flesche said, quhat hald I of this
Laser aneuch, and time thair is
In age for till amend my mis.
And from my vitious lyse conuert
Quhen sadnes hes ouirset my hart.

¶The Spreit.

The Spreit said power thow hes uone
In zouth, nor zit in eild bygone
With twinkling of ane eye anone
God sall the tak at euin and morne
Na certaine tyme set the beforne.

¶The fleshe.

The flesche said, all time air and lait,
I se all warldlie wise estait
Bald lust vertew in thair consait
With thame I will persew my weird
Als lang as I leue on this eird.

¶The Spreit.

The Spreit said zit sall cum the day
The saull sall part the body fray:
Then quhat sall help thy game or play,
Quhen thow mon turnit be in As
As first in eird quhen thow maid was.

¶The fleshe.

The flesche said, thow hes vincust me;
I traist Eternall gloir to se:
Christ grant that I may cum thairby,
Now will I to my God returne,
Repent my sin, richt soir I murne.

¶The Spreit.

The Spreit said, nane to schame I driue,
Ane contrite hart help God aliue
[illegible] flesche mon die, with paine and striue,
[illegible] was borne to that Intent,
[illegible] with wormes to be rent.

¶The fleshe.

The flesche said, O Lord God of peace,
[illegible] me to turne, throw Christis grace,
[illegible] Gaist my faith Incres.
[illegible] may thoill this eirdly noy,
[illegible] is in Eternall Joy.

¶The Spreit.

[illegible] I haue my [illegible]
[illegible]

Thow God the quhilk is only richt,
Thow sane me from the deuillis net
Thairfoir thow on the Croce was plet.

¶The Dyter.

Now hes this Ballat heir ane end,
God grant Ilk man his hart sa kend,
To sin na mair, syne to Christ wend,
Than sall he turne againe to vs,
And giue vs his Eternall blys.

FINIS.

¶Ane sang of the Croce, and the frute thairof.

CVM heir sayis Goddis Sone to me
Sinneris, that heuie ladin be,
I will zour sillie Saull refresche,
Cum zoung and auld baith man and wyfe
I will zow giue Eternall lyfe,
Thocht troublit heir sair be zour flesche.

My zok is sweit, my burding small,
Quha drawis efter me thay sall
Eschaip Eternall deid and fyre:
For I sall help them in thair drancht,
That thay sall cum as I haue taucht
To gloir and Joy, and heuin Impyre.

Quhat I haue teichit lait and air,
Quhat I haue tholit les and mair:
That preis zow euer to fulfill
And thocht zour flesche be heir oppres[illegible]
Zit all thing with sall for the [illegible]
For sa is richt and Goddis [illegible]

The warld wald sauit be and faine,
And cum to gloir but Croce or paine
Quhilk Christis flock must suffer heir
Bot paine thair is nane vther way,
To cum to gloir, and put away
Eternall hellis paine but peir.

That the faithfull must the Croce Indure,
Witnes beiris all creature,
Subdewit vnto vanitie:
Quha will not thoill in Christis Name,
The Deuill sall wirk him sic ane schame,
With peirles paine perpetuallie.

To day ane man is fresche and fair,
The morne he lyis seik and sair,
Syne dulefully domeit to deid
Euin lyke as in the feild ane flour
The day is sweit, the morne is sour:
Sa all this wretchit warld sall faid,

The godles dreidis sair to die,
Bot quhen he can na farther flee,
And faine his sinfull lyfe wald mend
Thay grip sa fast his geir to get,
The sillie saull is quyte forzet,
Quhill haistely gais out his aind.

Quhen he persauis na remeid,
Then greuously he gais to deid:
And gruncheand geuis vp the Gaist,
Sair [illegible] God do accuse
His Hectouris, and him self refuse,

That

That sa vnfaithfully deceist.

The riche man, helpis not his gude,
The Nobill not his Royall blude,
For thay sall baith thair quarrell tyne
Thocht ane had all this warld sa wyde,
Zit he sall die with dule and pyne,
with golde and precious stanis of pryde.

Knawledge concernis not the Clerk,
Nor Hypocrite his haly wark:
Bot thay but dout with deid mon dwell.
Quha will not haill to Christ him gius
Quhill in this present lyfe he line,
For euer mair sall die in hell.

Mark weill thairfoir my Sonnis sweit,
How Christis croce is for zow meit:
O moue zow not in mynde thairfoir,
Bot at his word stand steidfastlie,
And with him suffer patientlie,
Gif ze wald enter in his gloir.

Do gude for euill, and leid zour lyfe,
without reprufe, but pryde or stryfe.
And thocht the warlois wraith to rage,
O enter be that narow rod
Vnto gloir and vengeance vnto God,
And he thair cruell Ire sall swage.

Quhen that zour fleschc hes all the
And may zour lustis all fulfill.
Ze ar but dout the feindis pray:

God sendis zow the Croce thairfoir,
To mortifie zour flesche so foir,
To saif zour sillie Saull for ay.

And quhen this schort paine to zow greif,
Than think on hell the lang mischeif,
Quhair mony ane for ay sall murne,
And saull and body sall remaine,
For euermoir with cruell paine,
Endles for ay without returne.

Bot he sall efter warldly pyne,
Reioyce with Christ, withouttin fyne,
Quhair na myndis memoriall
Can think, nor toung can tell the tryne,
Nor haue the gloir quhilk sall propyne,
That michtie Lord vnto vs all,

For quhat Eternall God of peace,
Hes promeist throw his Spreit of grace,
And syne sworne be his haly Name:
That he sall hald baith trew and sune,
God grant that we may se his Throne,
Throw faith in Jesus Christ, Amen.

¶ Ane Consolationn in aduersitie of the Scripture.

BLISSIT is he quhome God dois correct,
Thairfoir his scurge se thow not neglect:
For he it is, quhilk geuis wan and wound,
And suddanly he will mak haill and sound.
He will the stryke with his maist fatherly wand,
Syne the releue with his maist mercyfull hand.

God

God will the ſlay, and giue the lyfe amone,
And the returne, thocht thow to graue wer gone.
And will the ſone bring into pouertie,
Syne giue the greit riches aboundantlie.
He will the ſet into a law degre,
Syne the exalt, that euerie man may ſe.
Quhome God reſſauis to his Sone and air.
Him will he ſcurge with plagues ſad and ſair.
Thairfoir vnder the Croce thow perſeuer,
Then as a Father ſall God to the appeir.
Quha is ane Sone, and will not patientlie
His Father thoill, with all humiliitie,
He ſchawis him as he wer baſtard borne,
And heritage fra him wer all forlorne.
And ſen that we our fleſchely Father dreid.
For eirdly thing our body for to feid,
How meikill mair our Father Spirituall
Suld we obey to lyfe perpetuall.
All croce appeirtis preſently diſtres,
Voyde of all Joy, bot full of painefulnes:
Bot efterwart it ſall giue peace and reſt,
Thocht for a tyme with paine we be oppreſt.
The paine that is now preſent ſchort and licht
And leſſis bot a moment in our ſicht,
Aboue meaſure ſall wirk Eternall gloir,
In till our ſaull, behalding not thairfoir
The preſent paine, quhilk is befoir our ene,
Bot luke on that, quhilk now may not be ſene.
All Joy eſteme, my brether ane and all,
Quhen into diuers troublis ze do fall,
And knawis that of zour faith it is a preif,
To wirk in zow patience for zour releif,
As of the Croce ze ar companzeonn,

Ga ſall ze be of Conſolatioun.
Faithfull is God, and on zow hes pitie,
And will not thoill zow temptit for to be,
Aboue zour ſtrenth, bot will quhen ze leiſt wene,
Giue zow ſic grace, that ze ſall weill ſuſtene.
Iuſt mennis lyfe is in the Lordis hand,
Torment of deid may not them hald in band,
Thocht befoir men thay thoill aduerſitie,
Thair hope is full of Immortalie.
God knawis Innocentis temptatioun,
To ſaif them fra thair greit veratioun,
And ſall reſſaue againe the latter day,
The wickit for to burne in hell for ay.

FINIS.

¶The Forlorne Sone, as it is writtin in the xv. Chapter of Luk.

SINNERS vnto my ſang aduert,
Quhilk Chriſt into his Euangell kend,
And from zour ſinfull lyfe conuert
Quhairwith ze do zour God offend,
For Chriſt in his ſweit Parabill,
To ſaif vs is full pityabill,
Gif we repent and to him wend.

Ane certaine man of riche ſubſtance
Had Sonnes twa to him full deir,
And ſone with ſchort delyuerance,
The zoungeſt ſpak on this maneir:
Father giue me my part of geir,
Quhilk me belangis les and mair,
I will na mair be thirlit heir.

The

The father did his gude deuyde,
Betuix them, bot the zoungeſt ſone
wald na mair with his father byde,
Bot tuke his part, and furth is gone:
In till ane ſtrange and far countrie,
And ſpuand thair richt ryatouſlie
He waſtit all his geir anone.

Quhen all was gone, thair raiſ fra hand
Ane derth quhilk maid the vittell ſkant:
Baith far and neir throw all the land,
And he throw neid begouth to want:
Then to ane Citizenar he zeid,
Quhilk ſend him furth his ſwyne to feid,
For falt of fude he was full faut.

He wald haue eitin with the ſwyne,
His houngrie ſtomak to fulfill:
Bot thocht he ſuld for hounger tyne,
Zit nane wald giue him leif thairtill,
Quhen he come till him ſelf againe,
Thus him alone, he cuid complaine,
In till his mynde with mourning ſtill.

How mony ſeruandis for thair wage,
Des fude into my fatheris hous.
And I for hounger die and rage,
Bot my father is gracious,
Thairfoir till him, I will me dres:
And ſchaw my ſin and my diſtres,
And ſay with voyce full pitious.

O Father I haue bene to bauld.

Sinnand contrair the heuin and the,
And not worthie that men me hauld,
Na mair thy Sone in ony degre:
As ane of thy seruandis me mak,
With that he did his Jornay tak
Dame till his father haistelie.

And quhen he come bot zit afar,
His father had compassioun,
And ran him till or he was war,
And gaue him consolation,
And in his armes he did him sang
And euer he kissit him amang,
With freindly Salutati[illegible]

The sone said father of greit micht,
I knaw that I haue sinnit soir:
Contrair the heuin and thy sicht,
And I am worthie now no moir
That ony me thy Sone suld call:
Bot his father full liberall,
Callit his seruandis him befoir:

And kyndely to them can he say,
Ze bring me furth the best clething,
And cleith my Sone courtly and gay:
And on his finger ze put ane Ring,
Ze set on schone vpon his feit,
The quhilk ar trym and wounder meit,
That he be honest in all thing.

And slay that Calf quhilk now is maid
Sa fat, and let vs mak gude cheir,

For this my Sone the quhilk now was deid,
Againe on lyfe is haill and feir,
My Sone was loist, and now is found,
And they within ane lytill stound
Began to myrrie be but weir.

The Eldest to the feild was gone,
And quhen that he hame cummand was:
And hard the menstraly anone,
The dansing and the great blythnes,
Ane of his seruandis he did call
And said to him quhat menis all
This glaidnes, and this merynes.

Then answerit he and said him till
Thy brother is cum haime againe,
Thairfoir his father hes gart kill
His weill fed Calf, and is full faine
That saif resauit him hes he,
The Eldest wraith was and angrie,
And zeid not in throw greit disdaine:

And then come furth his father kynde,
And prayit him richt feruentlie,
Bot he answerit richt proude in mynde,
O father myne dow lang haue I
Thy trew and faithfull seruand bene:
And neuer zit brak thy biddene,
Bot the obeyit faithfully.

Zit gaue thow nocht of thy riches,
Sa mekle as ane small kyd to me,
That I micht mak sum merynes

And with my Lukaris blyith to be.
Bot now becaus is cum againe
Thy Sone quhilk waiſtit hes in vaine
Thy gudis into harlatrie.

That Calf quhilk koſterit was ſa fair,
Thow hes gart kill at his pleſour,
His father ſaid, my Sone and air,
Of all my riches and treaſour.
Quhat euer I haue, all that is thyne,
And thow art euer with me and myne,
And all is haill into thy cure.

That fair to vs it was full meit
For to reioyce, and blyith to be,
With all our hart and all our Spreit,
Thy brother ſaif and ſound to ſe.
For he was loſt, and now is win,
And he was deid from all his kin,
And now aline againe is he.

Our God and father is full kynde,
To ſinneris that ar penitent,
With all thair hart, and all thair mynde
Schawand warkis that thay repent,
And gif in Chriſtis blude thay traiſt,
Then ſall he neuer them deteſt.
Bot ſaif them that thay be not ſchent.

FINIS.

¶Ane ſang of the riche Gluttoun and pure Lazarus, as it is writtin in the xv. Chapter of Sanct Luk.

FAITH.

FAITHFVL in Chriſt vſe zour riches riche,
Not to zour luſt and Senſualitie:
Bot all tyme help ỹ pure with all zour miche
For in the frute ſall knawin be the tre
And gude and euil ſall baith rewardit be
With heuinly gloir, and hell ſa terrabill,
To that effect ſpak Chriſt this parabill.

Ane certaine man was riche, and coiſtly cled,
With purpour, Sylk, heich, and preſumpteous,
And eueric day deliciouſly him fed.
Thair was alſwa a pure hecht Lazarus:
Lay ſeik at the zet of this gluttounis hous.
Thisw ſairis ſmart he had ane peirles pyne,
And wantit fude, quhen he wald faineſt dyne.

To ſatiſfie his ſeikly appetyte,
He wald haue eitin of the crummis ſmall,
Quhilk fell downe fra hie buird of greit delyte,
Bot nane to gif him was ſa liberall:
The doggis did thair office naturall.
And oft thay did this catyue man refreſche:
Likand the fylth furth of his lathly fleſche.

It chancit ſa, this begger did deceis,
Syne caryit was be angels gracious
In abrahams boſome, in heuinly reſt and peace
And this riche man that was ſa Kpatous,
Deceiſſit als, ſyne buryit glorious,
In hellis paine he lyftit vp his eue,
And fyne afar of abraham hes ſe ſeue.

Quhen Lazarus he ſaw with him alſo

In his bosome, he said with dreirie Spreit:
Father Abraham haue mercy on my wo,
Send Lazarus his finger for to weit,
And cuill my toung with cauld water and sweit,
For I am tormentit sair into this flame:
Then answerit him our father abraham.

Remember Sone, that thow resauit hes,
Into thy lyfe, thy plesure in all thing.
And contrariwise Lazarus had distres,
Bot now he is in Joy and comforting,
And thow art in wo and tormenting.
And als betuix vs thair is sa greit ane space,
That nane may cum till vther be na cace.

And then he said. O father, I the pray,
Vnto my fathers hous thow wald him send
That he my fyue brether aduertis may,
Leist they into this cairfull place discend.
Bot abraham said, let them repent and mend
And als thay haue the Prophetis & Moyses law
Let them heir them, gif yai the way wald knaw.

Bot he said nay, my father abraham kynde,
Gif ony to the quick zeid from the deid,
Trewly thay suld repent with hart and mynde,
Bot not the les abraham this answer maid,
Gif thay heir not the Law quhilk suld them leid
Neu sall they nocht in ony wayis beleif
Thocht ane suld ryse from deid them to releif.

Vnto the pure thairfoir be pietifull,
Quhill ze ar heir, schaw them zour cheritie.

Till

Till freind and fa be all tyme merryfull,
As ze forgiue ze fall forgeuin be,
Mortifie lust, and Sensualitie,
Conforme zow not to warldly pomp and pryde,
Dreid God, luke man refraine lust at all tyde.

FINIS.

¶The principall pointis of the Passioun, shortlie correctit.

HELP God the formar of all thing,
That to thy gloir may be my dyte,
Be baith at end and beginning
That I may mak ane sang perfyte
Of Jesus Christis passioun,
Sinneris only Saluatioun
As witnessis thy word in write.

Thy word for euer sall remaine,
As in his buke wrytis Isay,
Baith heuin and eird sall turne againe,
Or thy trew word cum to decay.
Thow can not lyke ane man repent,
To change thy purpois or Intent:
Bot stedfast is thy word for ay.

Jesus the fatheris word alone,
Discendit in ane Virgine pure
With meruellis greit and mony one,
And be Judas that fals traitour,
That Lambe for sober summe was sauld
And gaue his lyfe for euir he wald
Redeme all synfull Creaturis.

Quhen eittin was the Paſcall Lamb,
Chriſt tuke the breid his hand within,
Blyſſing it, brak it, gaue the ſame
Till his apoſtillis mair and min,
Eit that, for my body is this,
Quhilk for zour ſaikis geuin is,
In till remiſſioun of zour ſin.

Sicklyke he gaue them for to drink,
In wyne his blude, the quhilk was ſched,
Upon his precious deid to think,
On him remembrance to be maid.
Quha eitis this bleſſit Sacrament,
worthely with trew Intent
Sall neuer ſe Eternall deid.

For caus thay knew him till depart,
Thay ſtraif quha ſuld be oureſt:
Bot Jeſus ſaid with humbill hart,
Princes ar repute Nobileſt,
The quhilk rewlis maiſt awfullie,
Sa amang zow it ſall not be,
Bot quha is maiſt ſall ſerue the leiſt.

Jeſus waſche his apoſtillis feit,
Schawand exempill of lawlynes,
And chargit them with wordis ſweit,
That luſe amang them ſuld Increis,
For thairby it ſuld cum to licht:
That ze ar my Diſcipulis richt,
Gif ze amang zow luſe poſſes.

Efter this prayer paſſit he,

And

And met the Jewes quhilk him socht,
Quhen thay had bound him cruellie,
Befoir the Judges they him brocht.
First they him scurgit, and for scorne,
Him Crownit with ane Crowne of thorne,
Syne dampnit him to deid for nocht.

That Prince on Croce thay lyftit on hicht,
For our Redemeptionn that thocht sa lang,
He said I thrist, with all my micht,
To saue mankynde fra panis strang.
He that all warldis was beforne,
Come downe of Mary to be borne,
For our trespas on croce he hang.

Then he his heid culd Inclyne,
As wrytis Johne, and gaue the Gaist,
And of the Croce tane was syne,
And laid in graue, bot sone in haist,
Leuand he rais on the thrid day,
And to his apostillis did say,
To them appeirit maist and leist.

And syne he did his apostillis teiche,
Throw all the warld for to pas.
And till all Creature for to preiche,
As they of him Instructit was.
Quha Bapteist is, and will beleue,
Eternall deid sall not them greue,
Bot salbe sauit mair and les.

Sanct Luk wryting his assentioun,
Thocht present ay with vs he be,

As Scripture makis mentioun,
That is to say, with vs is he.
Be his swcit wozd, steidfast but faill
Contrair the quhilk can not prevaill,
Sathan noz hellis tyrannie.

Ane confozter to vs he did send,
Quhilk from the father did proceid
To gyde vs trewly to the end
In inwart thocht and outward deid,
Call on the Lozd our gyde and licht,
To leid vs in his law full richt,
And be our help in all our neid.

Pray foz all men in generall,
Suppois thay wirk vs richt oz wrang.
Pray foz zour Pzince in speciall,
Thocht thay be Just, oz tyrannis strang.
Obey, foz sa it aucht to be
In prison foz the veritie,
Ane faithfull bzother maid this sang.
FINIS.

¶Ane sang of the Euangell contenand the effect of the samin.

BE blyith all Chzistin men and sing,
Dance and mak mirth with all zour micht,
Chzist hes vs kythit greit comfozting,
Quhairfoir we may reioyce of richt,
Ane werk to wounder that is wzocht
Chzist with his blude full deir vs bocht,
And foz our faith to deid was diche.

Foz

For with the deuill and dulefull deid,
With hell and ſin I was forlorne:
The ſone of Ire at Goddis feid,
Conſaunt ſa I was and borne,
I grew ay maire and maire thairin,
And daylie cumit ſin to ſin,
Diſpair was euer me beforne.

Quhair I cuid not the Law fulfill,
My warkis maid me na ſupplie:
Sa blind and waik was my fre will,
That hatit the veritie,
My conſcience reſt me euer in cair,
The Deuill he draif me to diſpair,
And hell was euer befoir myne eye.

Bot dhad greit pitie on my wo,
And aboue meſure ſchew me grace,
Quhen I was zit his cruell fo,
Zit he wald cure my cairfull caſe,
His luſe to me he did conuert
From the maiſt deipeſt of his hart,
Quhilk coſt him deir to mak my peace.

To his belouit Sone he ſaid,
The tyme of mercy drawis neir,
To ſaif man and the feind Iuuaid,
Thairfoir my hartly Sone ſa deir,
Ga freith them from the feindis feid,
Thow man ouirthraw ſin, hell, and deid,
Syne mon reſtoir baith haill and feir.

The ſone his father did obey.

And come downe on the eird to me,
Borne of ane Mayd, as wrytis Esay,
My kynde sweit brother for to be,
He tuke on him my nature vyle,
And did his power for to eryle,
Sathan and all his subteltie.

He said thow sall haue victorie,
Gif thow alone on me depend:
For I will giue my self for the,
Thy cairfull quarrell to defend
For I am thyne, and myne thow art,
And of my gloir thow sall haue part,
Syne ring with me, withouttin end.

They man sched out my blyssit blude,
And reif alswa my lyfe from me
I thoill this only for thy gude.
Belene that firme and steidfastlie
For my deid sall thy deid deuoir.
That sin sall the condampne no moir,
For be that way, saif thow mon die.

Syne fra this present lyfe I fair,
To my father Celestiall.
Thy Mediator trew sall be thair
And send to the my Spreit I sall,
To gine the consolatioun,
In all thy tribulatioun,
The treuth he sall Instruct zow all.

My doing, leirning mair and les,
That leir and do vnfenzeitlie,

For

For that dois Goddis Kirk Incres,
And his greit gloir dois Magnifie
Be war of men and thair command,
Quhilk me and my word do ganeſtand,
My laſt will heir I left to the.
FINIS.

¶Ane ſang of the birth of Chriſt to be ſung with the tune of Balulalow.

I COME from heuin to tell,
The beſt nowellis that euer befell:
To zow thir tythingis trew I bring
And I will of them ſay and ſing.

This day to zow is borne ane Chylde
Of Mary meik. and Virgin mylde,
That blyſſit bairne bening and kynde
Sall zow reioyce baith hart and mynde.

It is the Lord Chriſt God and man,
He will do for zow quhat he can.
Him ſelf zour Sauiour will be,
Fra ſin and hell to mak zow fre.

He is zour richt Saluatioun,
From Euerlaſting dampnatioun,
That ze may ring in gloir and blis,
For euer mair in heuin with his.

Ze ſall him find but mark or wyting
Full ſempill in ane Cribe lying,
Sa lyis he quhilk zow hes wrocht.

And all this warld maid of nocht.

Let vs reioyce and be blyith,
And with the Hyrdis go full swyith,
And se quhat God of his grace hes done,
Throw Christ to bring vs to his throne.

My saull and lyfe stand vp and se
Quha lyis in ane Cribe of tre.
Quhat Babe is that sa gude and fair,
It is Christ Goddis Sone and air.

Welcome now gracious God of micht,
To sinneris vyle, pure, and vnricht,
Thow come to saif vs from distres,
How can we thank 'thy gentilnes?

O God that maid all Creature,
How art thow now becummin sa pure
That on the hay and stray will ly,
Amang the assis, Oxin, and Ky.

And war the warld ten tymes sa wyde,
Cled ouir with golde and stanis of pryde:
Unworthie it war zit to the,
Under thy feit ane stule to be.

The Silk and Sandell the to eis,
Ar Hay, and sempill sweilling clais,
Quhaitin thow gloris greitest King,
As thow in heuin war in thy Ring.

Thow tusk sic panis temporall

To mak me riche perpetuall,
For all this warldis welth and gude,
Can nathing riche thy Celsitude.

O my deir hart zoung Jesus sweit,
Prepair thy Creddill in my Spreit,
And I sall rocke the in my hart.
And neuer mair fra the depart.

Bot I sall praise the euer moir,
With sangis sweit vnto thy gloir,
The kneis of my hart sall bow
And sing that richt Balulalow.

Gloir be to God Eternallie,
Quhilk gaue his only Sone for me,
The Angellis Joyis for to heir,
The gracious gift of this new zeir.

FINIS.

TO vs is borne a barne of blis,
Our King and Empreour.
Ane gratious Virgin Mother is,
To God hir Sauiour.
Had not that dipillit barne bene borne,
we had bene euerie ane forlorne.
with Sin and feindis fell:
Christ Jesus louing be to the
That thow ane man wald borne be,
To saif vs from the hell.

For neuer was, nor sall be man,
Nor woman in this lyfe:

Sen Adam firſt our ſin began,
And Eue his wedit wyfe.
That can be ſaid throw thair gude deid,
For poyſound all ar adamis ſeid,
And can not ſin refraine.
Quhill God him ſelf fand the remeid,
And gaue his only Sone to the deid
To freith vs from all paine.

We ſuld luſe God and myrrie be,
And dryue away diſpair:
For Chriſt is cummin from heuin ſa hie,
Our fall for to repair.
Na toung ſic kyndnes can expres,
The forme of ſeruand takin hes
And Verbum caro factum eſt.
Except Sin, lyke vnto vs all,
To freith vs from the feindis thrall
And mend quhair we did mis.

Full weill is them for euer moir,
That trowis faithfullie:
Be grace to ring with Chriſt in gloir,
Throw faith allanerlie.
And weill is them that vnderſtude,
The gracious gift of Chriſtis blude,
Sched ſinners for to win:
Was neuer hard ſa kynde ane thing,
Chriſt for his fais on Croce did hing,
To purge vs from our ſin.

Thus thank we him full hartfully,
For his greit gentilnes:

We

We pray him for his greit mercy,
Trew Preichouris till Increes,
Fals Phariſians, and fenzeit lair,
Quhome we haue followit lait and air,
Baith them and vs forgiue
God father, Sone, and haly Spreit,
Inſtruct vs in thy word ſa ſweit,
And efter it to liue.

FINIS.

IN dulce iubilo, Now let vs ſing with mirth & Jo. Our hartis conſolatioun lyis in principio. And ſchynis as the Sone, Matris in gremio. Alphaes, & O, Alphaes, & O. O Ieſu per nule. I thrift ſoir efter the, Conſoir my hart and mynde. O puer optime, God of all grace ſa kynde, & princeps glorie, Trahe me poſt te, Trahe me poſt te. Vbi ſunt gaudia, In ony place bot thair: quhair that the angellis ſing, Noua cantica, Bot and the bellis Ring, In regis Curia, God gif I war thair. God gif I war thair.

ONLIE to God on heich be gloir,
And louing be vnto his grace,
Quha can condampne vs ony moir,
Sen we ar now at Goddis peace.
In till his fanour we ar taine,
Throw faith in Ieſus Chriſt allane,
Be quhome his wraith ſall end and ceis.

We worſchip and we loue and pryſe,

Thy Maiestie and magnitude:
That thow God Father only wise,
Ringis ouer all, with fortitude.
Na toung can tell thy strenth nor micht,
Thy wordis and thochtis all ar richt,
And all thy warkis Just and gude.

Lord Jesus Christ Sone only borne,
Of thy Father Celestiall:
Thow sauit vs that was forlorne,
Fra sin and hell, and Sathans thrall,
Lord Goddis Lamb, thow tuke on the,
For all our Sin to satisfie,
Lord be mercyfull vnto vs.

O haly Gaist, our comfort gude,
From feindis feid thy flocke defend:
To thy keiping, we them commend,
From errour and Hypocrise,
Strenth vs in the veritie,
To perseueir vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶Of the greit louing and blyithnes of Goddis word.

LORD God thy face and word of grace,
Hes lang bene hid be craft of men:
Quhill at the last, the nicht is past,
And we full weill thair falset ken:
We knaw perfyte, the haly wryte,
Thair fair be gloir and praise to the:
Quhilk hid vs giue, this tyme to liue,
Thy word trew preichit for to se.

Our

Our barnis now weill knawis how,
To worschip God with ſeruice trew:
Quhilk mony zeir our fatheris deir,
Allace thairfoir knit ſair miſknew.
Zit God did feid, his choſin in deid,
As Noe, and Lot, and mony mo:
And had reſpect to his elect,
How euer the blind warld did go,

Sen throw thy ſtrenth, thy word at lenth,
Is preichit cleir befoir our ene:
Be zit gude Lord, miſericord,
To them quhilk zit diſſauit bene,
And nocht dois knaw bot meunis law,
To thair greit dampnatioun:
Teiche them fra hand to vnderſtand
Thy word to thair Saluatioun.

Quha wald be ſaif, firſt this mon haue,
To knaw thair ſin, ſyne trow in Chriſt:
Big on this ground let luſe abound,
with patience, prayer, hope and traiſt,
On God thow call, thank him of all,
To ſerue thy Nichtbour giue thy cure:
Thy conſcience fre mon euer be,
This can giue the na creature.

Thow Lord abone mon giue alone,
Thir giftis for thy haly Name:
Quha will thair hart to Chriſt conuert,
Na man can do them ſkaith nor ſchame,
Thocht Pape or King wald ſa making,
To mak the word of God forlorne

Thair ſtrenth ſall faill and not preuaill,
Thocht thay the contrair all had ſworne.

Lord let thy hand help in all land,
That thy Elect conuertit be:
Thy word to leir quhilk now dar ſweir,
That thy word is bot heriſie.
Thay giue thy word a fals record,
Quhilk neuer hard the veritie:
Nor neuer it red bot blindlingis led,
with Doctouris of Idolatrie.

The tyme is now but dout I trow,
Quhilk Paule did prophecie in writ
Thocht henin and eird ſuld ga areird,
Thy word ſall ſtand faſt and perfite.
Thocht that maiſt part indure thair hart
Setting thair ſtrenth thy word againe:
Repent thay nocht thay ſalbe brocht
Eternally to hellis paine.

Our Sauiour and Gouernour,
Is Chriſt, quhais bludie woundis wyde
Redemit hes from all diſtres,
Sinneris that will on him confide
To him be gloir for euer moir,
To vs quhilk hes ane promeis maid:
Vs to conuoy from paine to ioy,
Baith in our lyfe and in our deid.

we hope and traiſt the haly Gaiſt,
Sall not forzet vs in our neid:
Sa we thy word with one accord

Halo

Hald in our hart our ſaull to feid.
Let vs not miſ thy gloir and bliſ,
Quhen fra this wretchit lyfe we wend:
Grant vs thy grace to die in peace,
And perſeuer vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶Nunc dimittis, the prayer of Symeon Luk ij. Chapter.

LORD let thy ſeruand now depart,
In glaidnes reſt and peace:
I am reioyſit at my hart,
To ſe his godly face.
Quhome faithfully thow promeiſt me,
Chriſt Jeſus King of grace.

This preſent deid ſall be full ſweit,
And into ſleip ſall changit be:
To reſt, syne ryſe, bot euer my Spreit
Sall liue, and be alwayis with the,
Throw faith in Chriſt my only traiſt,
Quhome preſently I ſe.

Our Sauiour thow hes him maid,
His deid ſall ſaue vs all:
From ſin and hell, the deuill and deid,
His Reſurrectioun ſall
Frelie vs giue, euer for to liue,
In gloir perpetuall.

Of hethin folk, blindit ſo ſoir,
He is the verray licht,
Quhilk neuer hard of him before,

Nor saw him with thair sicht:
He is the gloir, praise and decoir,
And strenth of Israel richt.

FINIS.

¶Ane sang of the resurrectioun.

CHRIST gaue him self to deid,
And for our fault he mendis maid:
For vs he sched his precious blude,
With greit tryumphe vpon the Rude,
And sin and Sathan thair hes slaine,
And sauit vs from hellis paine.

For he againe fra deid vp rais,
Victour of deid, and all our fais,
He raif the Obligatioun,
Contrair to our Saluatioun,
Syne spoylzeit Sathan, hell and Sin,
And heuinlie gloir, to vs hes win.

And we ar now at Goddis peace,
Throw Christ ressauit to his grace,
Our Father mercyfull he is,
And we sall Ring with him in blis.
Allalua allalua. Benedicamus Domino.

FINIS.

¶Certaine Ballatis of the Scripture.

TILL Christ, quhome I am haldin for to lufe
I gif my thirlit hart in gouernance.
Dow suld I lufe, and fra his trenth remufe,

Full

Full wo wer me, that drerie diſſeuerance,
Is na remeid, ſaif only eſperance:
For weill, for wo for baiſt, or zit for ſchoir,
Quhair I am ſet, I ſall luke euer moir.

And ſen I muſt depart, on neid I ſall
Be till him trew, with hart, and that I hecht,
And ſen that I becummin am his thrall,
with body him ſerue, with mynde & all my michs
He is the rute of my remembrance richt,
The verray crop, quhome of I comfort tak,
Quhy ſuld I not, do ſeruice for his ſaik.

Quhome ſuld I ſerue, bot him that did me ſaue
Quhome ſuld I dout, bot him that dantis deid
Quhome ſuld I luke, bot him attour the laif,
Of all my wo he is the haill remeid.
How ſuld I fle, and can not find na feid,
Quhome ſuld I luke, bot him that hes my hart,
How ſuld we twin that na man can depart.

Thus vmbeſet I am on euerie ſyde,
And quhat to do I can not weill deuiſe:
My fleſche biddis fle, my ſpreit biddis me byde
Quhen cair cummis, then comfort on me cryis,
Hope ſayis get vp, eden langour on me lyis,
My panis biddis my wofull hart repent,
Bot neuer mair thairto will I conſent.

Depart him fra, my hart will neuer conſent,
It biddis me byde, and I ſall neuer fle:
For be I takin, ſlaine, or zit ſchent,
For ſic ane King it is na ſcheme to die.

Gif thair be grace into this eird ſoꝛ me,
It is committit from the heuin abufe,
Till Chꝛiſt quhome I am haldin foꝛ to luſe.
FINIS.

RICHT ſoirly muſing in my mynde,
Foꝛ pitie ſoir my hart is ppnde
Quhen I remember on Chꝛiſt ſa kynde
that ſauit me:
Nane culd me laik from thyne till ynde,
Bot only he.
He is the way.trothe.lyfe and licht,
The verray poꝛt till heuin full richt
Quha enteris not be his greit micht
ane theif is he:
That wald pꝛeſume be his awin micht
Hanit to be.
I grant that I haue faultie ſoir,
To ſtok and ſtane genand his gloir
And helpand warkis into ſtoir,
foꝛ my remeid:
war not his mercy is the moir,
I had bene deid,
Thow lyt till bill thy wayis thow wend,
And ſchaw my mynde from end to end,
Till them that will repent and mend.
thow ſchaw them till:
Belene in Chꝛiſt, quhome God hes ſend,
and wirk his will.
FINIS.

RICHT ſoir oppꝛeſt I am with panis ſmart
Baith nicht and day makand my woful mone

To God for my miſdeid quhilk hes my hart,
Put in ſa greit diſtres with wo begone,
Bot gif he ſend me ſum remeid anone
I lift not lang my lyfe for till Indure,
Bot to the deid bowne cairfull Creature.

I can not do my detfull obſeruance,
Till him that heuin & all the warld ſuld dreid,
Auld Adame is the cauſ of this miſchance,
And turnis oft my faith in wickit deid,
war not the deid of Chriſt war my remeid,
I lift not on my lyfe for till tak cure,
Bot to the deid bowne cairfull creature.

O God of gloir, quhais micht is infinite,
Grant me thy grace quhome ſin haldis in thrall
To ſecht againis my fleſhe quhilk hes the wyte
Of all my wo, and my appetrand fall,
Thow gaue command in neid on the to call,
And for thy Sonnis ſaik I ſuld be ſure,
That thow ſuld ſaue all ſinfull creature.

Remember Lord, my greit fragilitie,
Remember Lord, thy Sonnis paſſioun,
For I am borne with all iniquitie
And can not help my awin Saluatioun:
Thairfoir is my Juſtification,
Be Chriſt, quhilk cled him with my nature,
To ſaue from ſchame all ſinfull creature.

O Lord ſen thow thy word to me hes ſend,
Thow let it neuer returne to the in vaine,
Bot let me perſeuer vnto the end.

To my auld ſin let me not turne againe:
For then bene far better into plaine,
Not till haue hard thy precept in Scripture,
Then knawand it, die carefull creature.

FINIS.

ALLACE that ſame ſweit face
That deit vpon ane tre,
To purches mankynde peace,
From ſin to mak vs fre,
Allone to be our remedie.
To graith our place full meit
He is aſcendit hie,
And left with vs his Spreit:
To worſhip Spirituallie,
Onlie to be our remedie.
He bad quhen he was gone,
Apply vs haillelie,
To ſerue our God alone,
In Spreit and veritie,
Alone to be our remedie.
Na kynde of outward deid,
How haly that euer it be,
May ſaiſ vs at our neid
Nor zit vs Juſtifie
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
Bot Chriſt we neid nathing
Quhairethrow ſ auit we ſald be
He is aue potent King
And will alanerlie
Onlie be our remedie.
His teſtament maiſt perfyte
Plainelp dois teſtifie,

Quhilk

Quhilk his apostillis did wryte
That nane may saif bot he
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
Bot now sen he is gone
To ring Eternallie,
we worschip stock and stone,
Can nouther heir nor se
Nor zit can mak vs remedie.
we haue dwelt all to lang
In fals Hypocrisie,
Trew faith Lord mak vs sang.
wirkand be charitie
Only to be our remedie.

FINIS.

I CALL on the Lord Jesus Christ.
I haue nane vther help bot the,
My hart is neuer set at rest.
Till thy sweit word comfort me.
And steidfast faith grant me thairfoir
To hald be thy word euer moir
Abuke all thing. neuer resisting
Bot to Increis in faith moir and moir.

Zit anis againe I call on the,
Heir my requeist (O mercyfull Lord)
I wald faine hope in thy mercie,
And can not be thairto restoird:
Except thow illuminate with thy grace
My blind and naturall waiknes.
Caus me thairfoir haue hope in staid
In thy mercie and sweit promeis.

Lord prent into my hart and mynde,
Thy haly Spreit with feruentnes:
That I to the be not vnkynde
Bot lufe the without fenzeitnes.
Let nathing draw my mynde from the
Bot euer to lufe the erneſtlie,
Let not my hart vnkyndly depart
From the richt lufe of thy mercie.

Giue me thy grace, Lord, I the pray,
To lufe my enemeis hartfullie:
Howbeit thay trouibill me alway
And for thy caus do ſclander me.
Fit Jeſus Chriſt for thy gudnes
Fulfill my hart with forgiuenes
That quhill I liue, I them forgiue,
That do offend me mair and les.

I am chmpaſſit rounde about,
With ſoir and ſtrang temptatioun:
Thairfoir gude Lord delyuer me out,
From all thir wickit Nationn
The Deuill, the warld, the fleſhe alſo
Dois follow me quhair euer I go
Thairfoir wald I delyuerit be
Thy help I ſeik (Lord) and no mo.

Now ſeis thow Lord quhat neid I haif,
Thair is nout vther to pleuze to
Thairfoir thy haly Gaiſt I craif
To be my gyde quhair euer I go.
That in all my aduerſitie
I forzet not the lufe of the,

Bot

Bot as thow Lord hes geuin thy word,
Let me thairin baith liue and die.

FINIS.

OF mercy zit he passis all,
In quhome I traist and euer sall
For to nane vther will I call,
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

For thair is nane vther Saluatioun
Bot be that Lord that sufferit Passioun,
Vpon our Saulis he hes compassioun
And deit thairfoir, and deit thairfoir.

That Lord sa far had vs in mynde
He come from heuin and tuke manhynde
He haillit the seik, sair, lamit and blinde
And deit thairfoir, and deit thairfoir.

To pray to Peter, James or Johne,
Our Saullis to saif power haue thay none,
For that belangis to Christ allone,
He deit thairfoir, he deit thairfoir.

I Traist to God of suretie,
Be Christis blude, saunt to be,
In quhilk I hope sa faithfullie,
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Thair is na deidis, that can saue me,
Thocht they be neuer sa grit plentie,
Bot throw Christ and his grit mercy,
Quhilk deit thairfoir, quhilk deit thairfoir.

Sik deidis micht saue our Saulis from paine
Then Christis blude was sched in vaine,
As ze may reid in Scripture plaine
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Zit sum hes hope, sauit to be
For doing deidis of Cheritie
Faith can not saue, quhair na deidis be,
Thay lie thairfoir, thay lie thairfoir.

The theif was saikt be faith trewlie,
And not for deidis of Cheritie
As wrytis Luk, twentie and thre
To die thairfoir, to die thairfoir.

Fyre without heit cannot be,
Faith will haue warkis of suretie,
Als fast as may conuenientlie
Be done, but moir.

Now Lord that deit vpon ane tre,
And sched thy blude sa plenteouslie
Reſsaue our Saulis to thy gloir
we ask no moir, we ask no moir.

FINIS.

WE suld into remembrance
Of Jesus Christ our King:
without ony dissimulance
We blyith and myrrie sing.

we war condampnit to the deid,
In hell, for adamis mis:

Bot Jeſus Chriſt the peice hes maid,
Betuix God and vs.

Chriſt is our God and Sauiour,
Our help and our refuge:
Our brother and our Mediatour
Our aduocate and Judge.

Sen on our ſyde is God him ſell,
Quha dar againe him pleid:
For he hes vincuſt ſin and hell,
The Deuill and alſo deid.

This greit gudnes that Chriſt hes done,
God let vs neuer forget;
Bot thank and loue that Lord abone,
With ſangis ſweitly ſet.

FINIS.

HAY let vs ſing and mak greit mirth,
Sen Chriſt this day to vs is borne:
For had not bene that bleſſit birth
Mankynde alwayis had bene forlorne.

All men wer borne in ſinfulnes,
Condampnit to Eternall deid:
Except Chriſt that in richteouſnes
Was only borne for our remeid.

And he, gif we beleue hes roſit
His innocens for our treſpas
Had not bene Chriſt we had bene loſit,
O bleſſit birth that euer was.

FINIS.

IN Burgh and land, Eist, west, nor South
we glorie for to speik of Christ
And his Euangell in our mouth
Bot far fra him our hartis we wreik.

To Goddis Law quha will aduert,
Sall steidfast in his promeis traist,
And lufe our brethren with our hart,
And fle from sin and vice detest.

Lufe is fulfilling of the Law,
As Paule reheirsis in his wryt,
Of Christ nathing forsuith we knaw
That hes na faith, and lufe perfyte.

The Scripture plainely dois accord,
Quha will not wirk his fatheris will,
Bot sayis euerie day, Lord, Lord,
Sall neuer cum in heuin him till.

Brether and sisteris that will resort,
Till Christ. and with his Gospell mell,
Do as ze say I zow exhort,
And now na mair dissaue zour sell.

Or God sall tak his word againe
Fra vs, syne will it send,
To them that will not wirk in vaine,
Bot persseuir vnto the end.

FINIS.

¶Ane sang contrair idolatrie.

WE suld beleue in God abuse,
And in nane vther thing,
Quha traistis in him, he will them luse
And grant them thair asking.

Contrair it is to Goddis command,
To trow that help may cum:
Of Idoles maid with mennis hand,
Quhilk ar baith deif and dum.

Quha dois adorne Idolatrie,
Is contrair the haly writ:
For stock and staine is Mammontrie,
Quhilk men may carue or quhite.

The apostillis that wrait the veritie,
Expresly do conclude:
That Idoles suld detestit be,
As contrair to Christis blude.

Ze sempill pepill vnperfite,
Greit Ignorance may ze tell,
Of stock and staine hes mair delite
Then into God him sell.

FINIS.

¶Ane ballat of the Epistill on Christinmes euin.

THE grace of God appeiris now
Our helth and our Saluatioun:
To teiche and instruct vs how
In all countrie and Natioun.

That we ſuld leue our wickitnes,
And ſic vaine warldly appetyte,
Juſt haly, be vith ſobernes
Leif in the warld a lyfe perfyte.

That blyſſit hope for to abyde,
The cumming of greit God of gloir:
And Jeſus Chriſtis woundis wyde,
The Sauiour of les and moir.

Quhilk for our ſaik he gaue him ſell:
To ſaif from Sin, and purge vs cleir,
Ane choſin pepill in ſpeciall:
In gude warkis to perſeuer.

To ſtudie in them nicht and day,
Thus we ſuld anc exhoir ane vther:
Of Goddis word to ſing and ſay,
And euery man to lufe his brother.

FINIS.

OF thingis twa I pray the Lord,
Deny me not before I die:
All vanitie and leand word,
Full far away thow put fra me.

Extreme puretetb nor greit riches,
Thow gme me not in na kin wiſe:
Bot only of thy greit gudnes,
Giue me that may my neid ſuffice.

For be I riche, I may perchance,
Say, quha is God, and him miſknaw:

And

And na thing bot my ſelf aduance,
And him forȝet and all his Law.

Or be I pure, and haue na feir,
Than man I outher reik or ſteill.
Or than my Goddis name maneſweir,
And ſet him at full lytill vatill.

FINIS.

LORD Father, God, that gaif me lyfe,
Thow leif me not to do my will:
Bot grant thy grace to me Catiue,
Thy godlie Law for to fulfill,

The prydefull luking of myne eine,
Lat nocht be rutit in my hart.
All euill deſyre that in me bene,
Full far from me thow wald aduart,

Ane gredie ſtomokis appetyte,
And all ſurfet thow tak from me:
And als I pray the mak me quyte,
Of fleſchelie luſt and Licherie.

Remone from me all thrawardnes,
Als weill in mynde as outward deid:
And tak from me vnſchamefaſtnes,
And God and man to fuſe and dreid.

FINIS.

BLIS, bliſſit God, thir gifris gude,
Quhilk thow hes geuin to be our fude
As bliss, and mak thankfull in deid,

Be Jesus Christ that blissit seid.
In quhome all blissing we ressaif
Be quhome all blissing we ask and craif
Grant blissing Lord of michtis maist,
God, Father, Sone, and haly Gaist.

FINIS.

BLissing gloir, wisdome, & hartly thankfulnes
And godly honouris all micht and fortitude
we offer the Lord with lawly humbilnes
Committing our selfis haill to thy Celsitude,
Asking for Christ quhilk for vs gaue his blude,
Grace for to be in hart and mynde thankfull,
For all thy gude and fre giftis plentifull.

FINIS.

NOW let vs sing with Joy and mirth
In honour of our Lordis birth,
For his lufe and humanitie,
Quha gaue him self for vs to die.

Be Adame we wer all forlorne,
Bot now Christ Jesus till vs is borne,
Des fred vs fra Captiuitie
And vincust hes our Enemie.

Quhen he was borne nane did him snib,
To ly richt law intill ane Crib
Ane Ore, ane asse, richt tenderlie
Refreschit his humanitie.

His Godheid mysteris na suppost

For

For it was full of all comfort
Quhilk equall is in all degre,
Vnto his fatheris Maieſtie.

The angellis ſang with mirrynes,
Vnto the Pyrdis mair and les,
And bad them of gude comfort be,
For Chriſtis new Natiuitie.

For we war all at Goddis horne,
This Babe to zow that now is borne,
Sall mak zow ſaif, and for zow die,
And zow reſtoir to libertie.

This Babe for zow did ſched his blude,
And tholit deid vpon the Rude,
And for his greit humanitie,
Exaltit is his Maieſtie.

And now he is our aduocate,
Prayand for vs baith air and laſt,
This can the Scripture verifie,
In ſa far as ane man is he.

Thairfoir all tyde, tyme and hour,
Pas vnto him as Mediatour,
Betuix the fatheris wraith and the,
Of ſin, gif thow wald clengeit be.

For he hes promeiſt with his hart,
To all ſinneris that will repart,
And fra thair ſinfull lyfe will fle,
Sall ring with him Eternallie.

To God the Father mot be gloir,
And als to Christ for euer moir,
The haly Gaist mot blissit be,
wirkar of this Natiuitie.
FINIS.

QVHA can discriue or put in write,
The grace and mercy of our Lord,
Quhais godly giftis infinite,
Men suld remember and record,
Conforme vnto his haly word.

Our Father God Fontaine of grace,
His Sone did send to ransoun vs
From Sin, and all our cairfull case,
And from the Deuill maist dangerous,
And slew that Serpent vennemous.

Christ come rycht sweit, as ane seruand,
Of seruitude to mak vs fre:
And broken hes the Deuillis band,
Quhilk led vs in Captiuitie,
Quhairfoir we thank his grit mercie.

Christ beand rychte in heuinlie gloir,
And we rycht pure and in distres:
Did mak vs riche for euer moir,
Quhairfoir we thank his gentilnes,
Be reffoun of his greit gudnes.

Christ come full humbill and full law,
Vs to exalt in Maiestie:
And thoght panis as ze knaw,

Of

Of hounger, cauld, and miserie.
And we gat lyke quhen he did die.

Christ als discendit to the hell,
And vs redemit from that paine:
And from the deith did rais him sell,
Na mair to thoill the deid againe,
As we may reid in Scripture plaine.

Christ maid vs iust quhen he vp raise,
Be resloun of his victorie:
Quhairthrow he vincust all our fais
Sin, deid, and Deuill our Enemie,
And from thair bandis maid vs fre.

Christ passit to the heuinnis hie,
To graith ane place for vs in gloir:
Our aduocate thairfoir to be,
Heirfoir his grace let vs imploir,
That we with him Reing euer moir.

FINIS.

GIF ze haue risin from deid againe,
With Christ our cheif and Soueraine,
Quhilk did the inward man renew,
Gloir not in eirdly thingis vaine,
Bot in the croce of Christ Jesew.

Seik thingis aboue that ar not seine,
Nor neuer sall with carnall eine.
Do diligence for till subdew
The fleiche, the outward man I meine,
And gloir in the Croce of Christ Jesew.

Honour it with feruent deſyre,
And I ſall ſwa zour Spreit inſpyre,
Ay quhen temptatioun dois zow perſew
Of Lychorie ſall ſlokkin the fyre,
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Quhen anarice, pryde, or ony ſin,
Into zour memberis dois begin,
Than pray with feruent hart and trew,
That ze may be of Iſackis kin
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

And delf with deip into zour land
As Iſak did, quhill that he fand
The water of lyfe, of heuinly hew,
Quhilk is now fillit with eird and ſand
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Honour the Jmage of the Croce,
Not expand out with curious voyce,
Bot in the Spreit, as it is dew:
Bis gudnes that reſtorit the loſe,
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Bis Jmage is his word compleit,
Perfourmit be the haly Spreit
Quhilk from the father ſprang and grew
Thair is na Jmage half ſa ſweit,
As gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Gif ze luſe Chriſt, hait not his word
Bis leuing Jmage, it is na bourd,
Quha lichtleis it, ſall not eſchew

Of vengeance the abhominabill ſword
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Sicklyke of Juda the Lyoun ſtraung,
Upon the Croce he grat and bang.
Quhen he was raiſit he ouerthrew
The Serpent, and his vennemous ſtang
And gloird in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

The decreit and ſchairp hand write,
That ſtoppit vs fra the father quyte,
Furth of the myndes he withdrew,
And fixt it to the Croce perfite,
And gloird in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Syne the Jewes that wer Legall,
And Gentiles that from adames fall,
Sa mony zeiris thair God miſknew:
Maid bath ane body myſticall,
And gloiris in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

Let vs thairfoir with Paull now ſing.
Away from vs all viſibill thing
Sing to the Lord ane ſang of new
Of laude, prais, and comforting.
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

With ſpirituall luſe let vs proceid
Nocht lyke the Jewes with feir and dreid
Sing to the Lord ane ſang richt trew,
That was borne of King Dauids ſeid,
And gloir in the Croce of Chriſt Jeſew.

FINIS.

QVHA suld my melodie amend,
Or solace swiftly to me send,
Quha suld me succour or supplie,
Quha suld me from the deid defend,
Bot God my lufe in heuin sa hie.

Imploir his grace quhair we offend,
And do our former lyfe amend,
Giue honour only to that King
In quhome our hope allone depend,
And lufe him also ouer all thing.

Nixt lufe zour nichtbour as zour sell,
Euill thochtis from zour mynde expell
Quhair Spreit is waik ask comforting
At him quhilk creat heuin and hell
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Do gude for euil, and leif zour will,
Not gude for gude, nor euill for euill,
Than ze present ane peirles sing,
Of lyfe serene, the warld vntill
Lufe God in heuin attour all thing.

Thocht thow perswaid this threid flyding
Quhilk ay incressis moir and moir,
Think weill on heuinlie gouerning
This warld is nocht bot transitoir,
And lufe thy God attour all thing.

Quha seruis the warld gais amis,
And sall be far from heuinnis blis,
([illegible]) in Scripture to founding

Na wicht can ſerue twa Lordis I wis,
Luke God in heuin attour all thing.

FINIS.

¶The Conceptioun of Chriſt.

LET vs reioce and ſing,
And prayſe that micheie King,
Quhilk ſend his Sone of a Virgine bricht.
La. Lay. La.
And on him take our vyle nature,
Our deidlie woundis to cure,
Mankynde to haid in richt.
La. Lay. La.
Sanct Luk wrytis in his Goſpell,
God ſend his Angell Gabriell,
Vnto that Virgine but deſame.
La. Lay. La.
For to fulfill the Prophecie,
was ſpouſit with Joſaph fre,
Mary ſcho had to name,
La. Lay. La.
Thir wordis to hir he did reheirs.
Haill Mary full of grace,
The Lord God is with the.
La. Lay. La.
Thow blyſſit Virgine myldé,
Thow ſall conſaue ane Chylde
The pepill redeme ſall he:
La. Lay. La.
Quhais power and greit micht,
Hall be in Goddis ſicht,
Quhilk from the Father of michteis ſeme.

La. Lay. La.
Jeſus his Name ze call,
Quhilk ſalbe Prince ouir all
His Kingdome ſall haue nane end.
La. Lay. La.
Than ſpak that Virgin fre
Behald how ſall this be.
Seing I knaw na man:
La. Lay. La.
Than ſaid the angell chaiſt,
Be the power of the haly Gaiſt
Quhilk all thing wirk he can.
La. Lay. La.
Elizabeth thy couſing alſo,
Ser monethis with Chylde can go
At quhais birth greit Joy ſall be:
La. Lay. La.
Call him Johne, ſayis the angell bricht,
Quhilk is ſend be Goddis micht
The Lordis way prepair ſal he.
La. Lay. La.

FINIS.

¶Heir endis the ſpirituall ſangis, and beginnis the Pſalmes of Dauid with vther new pleſand ballattis. Tranſlatit out of Enchiridion Pſalmorum to be ſung.

¶Quare fremuerunt gentes. Pſal. ij.

QVHAT is the cauſ, O God omnipotent
That all Nationnis commouit ar ſa ſoir,

The

The Kingis and the pepill with ane consent,
Resistis the thy power and thy glor
Thay strpue againe thy Law ay moir and moir,
And contrair Christ thy sone quhome ȳ hes send,
To sait all man that will on him depend.

Thay will not be reformit from thair Sin,
Bot will remaine blindit in Ignorance,
And will not thoill to luke thy law within
Bot castis it away with greit grenance,
Thy counsell thay refuse and gouernance,
And following thair awin hartis consait,
Euerie man drawis a sindrie gait.

Bot thow O God in benin into thy King,
Thow makis all thair counsels euerie one,
Quhat thay intend, that sall thay neuer bring.
To finall end, for thy wisdome allone
Thair pregnant wittis sall scorne, and anone
In thy greit Ire, thow sall them sair reprufe,
And from thy face thow sall them swyith remufe

For God hes set a Captaine stark and wicht,
Christis awin Sone, God and man naturall,
On Mont Sion to reule it iust and richt,
That is to say, his Kirk Vniuersall,
To teiche his fatheris word Celestiall,
His godly wil and plesure for to schaw,
Instructing all the warld into his law.

God said to him, thow art my Sone and air,
I the begat for euer and this day.
Thy deid purchest victorie preclair,

Syne from the deid, thow rais to Ring for ay.
My chosin in the, sall not cum to decay,
Quha trewlie traistis in thy godlie name,
Sall neuer die, Eternallie I plane.

My Sone I will the geue all Nationnis,
In heritage, and put thame in thy cure:
To reule thame with thy ministrationnis,
And preik thame with the Croce at thy plesure,
To purge thair fleshlie lust, and mak thame pure
And for to rais thair myndis spirituall,
To pryse thy name now and perpetuall.

Heirfoir Kingis and rewlaris now be war,
Aduert till Goddis word and Discipline.
Reclaik hys sone abone all thing prefar,
His Godlie word, and keip weill his doctrine,
Leir him to dreid, and traist in till him syne,
Quhilk is the trew wirship and rychteousnes
That God requyris of mankynd mair and les.

Reclaik thairfoir his sweit correctioun,
That he na mair with zow offendit be.
Befoir your eine with trew affectioun,
And in zour hart ze haik him Identie.
Obey his Law, for quhen greuit is he,
Than quha dar his Just Jugement abyde
Bissit ar they, quhilk on him dois confyde,

FINIS.

¶ Saluum me fac. Psal. xi.

SAIF thy gude Lord, and succour send,
For perisit is halynes:

And

And treuth away from men is weud,
And fled fra thame is faithfulnes,
Willait amang thame sa is sawin,
The veritie may nocht be knawin,
Thair tungis ar full of feinzetnes.

Thair leing tungis, o Lord, cut out,
That speikis in to thy contemptioun:
And sayis in all place round about,
Our tungis hes ane exemptioun,
Euin as we pleis, our lippis may lie,
For we haue all authoritie
Allane hes of vs dominioun.

Wot God hes said, and will it keip,
I will ryse vp incontinent,
For the oppreſſit that sair dois weip,
And murning of the indigent.
The pure that verit is so soir,
I will them saue, and them reſtoir,
Fra wickit toungis teichement.

And Goddis word and promit,
Is trewar, cleirar, and mair pure,
Then siluer, seuin tymes purifyit,
Sen that thow art in word sa sure
Thow saue vs from sic sort of men,
And fra the doctrine that they ken,
Eternallie on vs tak cure.

Quhen Hypocrites ar principall,
And hieſt in authoritie:
On sorce the peipill follow fall

Thair falſet and Hypocriſie
The pepill follow mon on neid,
Thir Prelatis and thair wickit deid
Baith blindit from the veritie.
FINIS.

¶Vſquequo Domine. Pſal. xxij. with the tune of Exaudi Deus orationem meam.

O LORD how lang for euer wil thow forzet
And hyde thy face fra me, or zit how lang
Shall I reherss thy counſell in my hart
Quhen ſall my hart ceis of this ſorie ſang,
O Lord behald help me, and licht my eine,
That ſuddand ſleip of deid do me na teine,

Or ellis quhen my enemeis ſeis my fall,
We did preuaill, ſone will thay ſay on me
And gif thay ſe me be thame brocht in thrall,
Thay will reioyce into thair tyrannie
Bot I in God hes hope and traiſt to ſe
His godly help than ſall I loue the Lord
Quhilk did me ſaue fra them that had me ſchord.
FINIS.

¶Domine quis habitabit? Pſal. xxiiij.

O LORD quha ſall in heuin dwell with the
In thy tirumphāt, throne and Tabernakil
Or quha ſall on thy haly hill ſa hie
Thair reſidence, and haue his Habitakill,
The Innocent that is ane ſpectakill
Of haly lyfe and conuerſatioun

And

And iuſt in all his operatioun.

And he quhilk on the treuth hes all his thocht,
And with his toung the ſame for till furthſchaw
And quhais toung his Nichtbour novis nocht
And hurtis nane be boiſt, nor zit be blaw
And thocht his Nichtbouris ſaute or vice be
He ſcroznis not: bot dois till his brother (knaw
As that he wald till him did ony vther.

He that hes in na reputatioun
The wickit men, in nurriſching thair vice:
With flatterie, and adulatioun,
And all gude men he haldis into pryſe,
And thay that dreidis God he counts wiſe
Quhat euer he ſweir to ony man or ſay
His promeis he will keip without delay.

Na Occour will he vſe intill his lane,
Bot frely with his Nichtbour len and borrow
Contrair the iuſt, rewaird he will tak nane
Bot him defend from ſyte, ſchame and ſorrow
This will he do at midnicht and at morrow
Quhat euer he be that weill obſeruis this.
Sall neuer periſhe, but ring in heuinis blis.

FINIS.

¶Dominus regit me. Pſal. xxiij.

THE Lord God is my Paſtor gude,
Aboundantly me for to feid
Then how can I be deſtitute
Of ony gude thing in my neid.

He feidis me in feildis fair,
To Riueris ſweit, pure and preclair,
He dryuis me but ony dreid.

My ſaull and lyfe he dois refreſche,
And me conuoyis in the way
Of his iuſtice and richteouſnes
And me defendis from decay,
Not for my warkis verteouſnes,
Bot for his name ſa glorious
Preſeruis me baith nicht and day.

And thocht I wauer, or ga will,
Or am in danger for to die.
Na dreid of deid ſall cum me till,
Nor fear of cruell tyrannie.
Becaus that thow art me beſyde,
To gouerne me and be my gyde,
From all miſchef and miſerie.

Thy ſtaffe quhairof I ſtand greit awe,
And thy ſcheip huke me for to fang,
Thay nurture me, my faultes to knaw
Quhen fra the hie way I ga wrang
Thairfoir my Spreit is blyith and glaid
Quhen on my fleſche thy ſcurge is laid,
In the riche way to gar me gang.

And thow ane Tabill dois prouyde,
Before me, full of all delyte
Contrair to my perſewaris pryde,
To thair diſpleaſure and diſpyte.
Thow hes anointed weill my heid

And

And full my coupe thow hes maid,
with mony dithes of delyte.

Thy gudnes and beuingtie
Let euer be with me thairfoir
And quhill I liue vntill I die,
Thow lay them vp with me in stoir
That I may haue my dwelling place
Into thy hous befoir thy face,
To ring with the for euer moir.
FINIS.

¶Exultate iusti in Domino. Psal. xxxiij.

ZE richteous reioyce and loue the Lord
Iust men to thank thair God dois weil ap-
play on zour Lute, & sweitly to it sing(coyd
Tak Harpe in hand with mony lustie string
Tyle on the ten stringit Instrument,
And prais zour God with hart and hail intent
Sing na auld thing the quhilk is abrogate
Bot sing sum new pleasand perfite ballat
Blaw vp Organis with glaid and heuinly sounds
Joyfull in hart, quhilk all the skyis resound
For Goddis word is treuth and veritie,
And dois all his deidis faithfullie
The Lord lufis iustice and richteousnes,
And all the eird is full of his gudnes
The heuinnis hie wer creat be the Lord,
Thair ornamentis wer dreillit be his word
He heipis vp the waters lyke ane hill,
Syne turnis them in deip quhen that he will,
Drid ze the Lord, all dwelleris on the ground,

And wirſchip him all haue ye warld ſa rounn,
Quhat God decretis is done incontinent,
All Creature obeyis his commandement.
The Counſellis of the wickit and deuyſe
He perturbis, appeirand euer ſa wyſe,
He ſcornis all thair Conſolationn,
And wickit pepillis Imaginationn,
Bot his counſell ſall leſt perpetuall,
And ſall indure till generations all.
Full happy is the pepill maiſt and leiſt,
Quhilk in yair God, & Lord hes all yair traiſt
And quhome that God do cheis befoir all aige,
Thaime to poſſeid in proper heritage.
The Lord lukis furth of his heuinlie ſait,
And perſauis all men of euerilk ſtait,
From his tryumphant throne he dois beholde
All Nationis, and dwellaris on the molde,
For he allone did creat all thair hartis,
And he allone dois knaw all thair warkis,
The King is not ſaif, be his greit armie,
Nor Iyand ſaif be ſtrenth of his bodie.
The bardit hors in neid ſall men diſſaif,
And mony thouſand hors may na man ſaif,
The eyis of the Lord thay do aduert
To them that dreidis him with all thair hart
Traiſting his godly help with patience,
To ſaif thair lyfe in tyme of peſtilence,
And in the tyme of derth them for to feid,
And be thair only help in all thair neid:
Thairfoir my Saull in God put thy beleif,
Our ſtrenth and targe to ſaif vs fra miſcheif,
Our hart ſalbe into the Lord ioyous,
Sen we traiſt in thy Name maiſt glorious

Allis

Aſiſt vs (O Lord) for thy gudnes
Quin as we traiſt in thy greit gentilnes.

FINIS.

¶Noli æmulari in malignantibus. pſal. xxxvij.

THOW ſall not follow wickit menis wayis
Nor zit murne that ſinfull haue gude dayis.
For ſyke the widderit hay ſone ſall thay faid
And as the graſſe that wallowis rute and blaid
Bot in the Lord put thow thy haill beleif,
And wirk his will and not yat may him greif
And than the frutefull land thow ſall poſſeſs,
Abounդantlie, and ſall haue grit riches,
Into the Lord put all thy haill delyte,
And he ſall grant thy hartis appetyte.
Schaw furth befoir the Lord thy mynd and will
And traiſt in him he ſall it weill fulfill.
Than as the goldin morning ſchynis bricht,
Sa ſall thy Juſtice ſchine till euerie wicht.
And as the Sone in middap ſchawis fair,
Sa ſall thy vertew knawin be alquhair.
Vpon the Lord haue euer thyne intent.
Befoir thyne eine and haue him ay preſent.
And muſe the not at thair proſperitie.
That leuis all thair lyfe wrangouſlie.
Remoue rancour, and Ire furth of thy thocht
The ill exempill of the wickit follow nocht.
For cruell men ſall ſune deſtroyit be,
Bot quha abydis the Lord pacientlie
Sall bruke the land, and his poſſeſſioun
Full peciabillie without oppreſſioun.
Suffer a ſpeill quhile, and thow ſall ſe,

The wickit man periſhe befoir thyne E,
Thow ſall behald him and his mantioun,
Be brocht to nocht and vtter confuſioun.
But humbill men ſall inherite the eird,
And leik in peace fra wickit mens reird.
The ſinfull man with euill will await,
The Innocent that can mak na debait,
With countenance auſteir ſall on him gyrne,
His Irefull hart with baill ſall euer byrne.
Bot ȝ gude Lord, ſall lauch thame all to ſcorne
And knawis the tyme that thay ſalbe forlorne
The cruell men ſall draw thair birneſt brand,
And bane thair bow bent reddy in thair hand
For till ſlay the meik and Innocent,
That thay may cum to thair wickit intent.
Thair awin ſword ſall ſtryke thame throw the hart,
And brokin ſall thair bow be in all part.
The ſpeill of the Juſt is mair commendit,
Sa that it be weill win and better ſpendit,
Than is the grit ryches of wickit men,
Quhair throw thay do baith god & man miſkē
The power of the wickit ſall decay,
Bot God ſall preſerue the Juſt man for ay.
The tymes of the Juſt, God dois reknȝ,
Thair heritage ſalbe with God the Lord:
In tyme of perrell thay ſal not be agaſt,
And in grit derth thair fude ſalbe aduēſt.
Bot wickit men ſall periſhe in thair neid
And thay that of the gude Lord hes na dreid.
Lyke Sacrifice thay ſall conſumit be,
Quhairof bot reik, throw can na mair ſe
The wickit man will tak, and wil not pay,
The Juſt freelie wil gif without delay.

Quha

Quha luikis him, and of him ſpeikes gude,
Sall bruke the land, bot quha will delude
Or dois blaſpheme the lynde and liberall,
Sall rutit be furth of memoriall.
The paithis of the Juſt. God dois direct,
He luikis him and will him not neclect.
Suppoſe he ſall be ſey, or zit be land,
God will erect him with his helping hand:
I haue bene zung, and cum now to grit age,
Zit ſaw I neuer the Juſt left in thirlage,
Nor zit haue ſene his poſteritie,
Begand thair breid for grit neceſſitie.
Bot he will giue and len his gude at large,
Till thame that myſter hes e will him charge.
Zit ſall his ſeid leif into plentreouſnes,
Abound antly poſſes grit riches
He leuis ill, and followis gude thairfoir,
With God he ſall ring euer moir,
The Lord luikis Juſtice and equitie,
And leuis not his Sanctis in miſerie,
For he on thame perpetuallie hes cure,
Bot wickit mennis ſeid ſall not indure,
Juſt men with Joy the eird ſall poſſes,
And dwell lang tyme on it and haue ſucces.
The Juſt mannis mouth ererceis ſapience,
Of equitie ay ſpeik and of prudence.
The Law of God is in his hart ſa haill.
In all his wayis thairfoir he can nocht faill,
The wickit dois obſerue the innocent,
To ſeik to ſlay him with cruell intent,
Bot God will not him leif into his neid,
Bot will him ſaif fra tyrannis wickit deid.
Thay can not him condampne quhen thay accuſe

Wyeſtruit ſall he be from thair aduiſe.
Traiſt in the Lord and keip weill his commend,
And he ſall the exalt in euerie land.
Poſſes the eird thow ſall and with thyne E,
The wickit men deſtroyit ſall thow ſe.
Sum tyme a Tyrane flureis haue I ſene,
Lyke lawrel tre quhilk euer growis grene.
Bot in ſchort tyme ſune was he brocht to nocht
He was not found nor that belangit him ocht
Keip Juſtice, and haue, E, vnto the richt,
That ſal mak peace for euer with god of micht
For wrangus men ſall end miſchenouſlie,
And wickit mennis fyne is miſerie.
The Juſt all haill vpon the Lord dependis,
Quhilk is his ſtrenth & all tyme him defendis,
God helpis him and ſendis him ſupplie,
And ſauis him fra Tyrannis cruelitie
Becauſe in him he did put his traiſt,
Into his trublis grit cuid him moleſt.

FINIS.

¶Exaudi Deus orationem meam. Pſal. lxiiij.

O LORD aduert vnto my voce and cry,
Now quhen I pray vnto thy Maieſtie.
From dredour of my mortall Ennemie,
Defend my lyfe and als delyuer me,
Defend me from the fals ſubtelitie,
Of wickit men, and from the cruelnes,
Of thame that alwayis wirk vnrichteouſnes,

Fra yame that hes thair tungis ſcharp & groūd
And ſcharper than ony twa edgeit ſwoyd,

Lyke

Lyke deidly dartis thow gewis ſtang & ſtound,
Rycht ſa proceidis of thair mouth enerie word,
Quhair with to ſlay thay think it bot a hourd,
The Innocent, with ſecreit diſſemblance:
Without dredour of Goddis vengeance.

Thay haue deuyſit abhominatioun,
Amang thame ſelfis in thair malicioulnes
Richt priuelie is thair communicatioun,
To ſet thair nettis with clokit craftines,
With ſic deuice as it war halynes
That na man ſuld thair violence eſpye,
Quhilk wald reuenge thair fals Hypocriſie.

Thair counſell is to ſeirche and to Inquyre,
The Innocent with wrang for till accuſe.
In all this warld thay haue na mair deſyre,
For euer in thair mynde of this thay muſe,
Quha will delapit thay will mak na refuſe,
Of ſla, or fule. and for ſuſpitioun.
Thay will bring men vnto confuſioun.

Bot now na mair thair malice ſall remaine,
For God ſall ſtryke them in ſchort ſeſoun
Of quhome thay ſalbe plaguit with grit paine
And men ſall hald thame in deriſioun,
Thair tungs ſalbe thair awin confuſioun,
Quhilk was ſa ſharp in contrair Innocence,
That for thame ſelfis thay ſall mak na defence.

Quhen men ſall ſe this haiſtie ſuddand change
Than ſall thay wunder and cleirlie vnderſtand,
That it is God quhilk dois his awin veneyge

All men sal se this wark of Goddis hand.
And sall weill knaw, that nane can him withstād
The Just sall traist in God and als reioyis,
And all trew hartis sall ioy to heir this noyis

FINIS.

¶Quam bonus Deus Israelj. Psal. lxxiij.

TILL trew in hart God of Israell is sweit,
Bot stakerand almaist failzeit my feit
Quhen I beheld thir peruerst wickit men,
Prosper alway, thocht thay did God misken.

Thair is na zock thir wickit men may oppres,
Bot euer in welth plesour and grit riches,
Quhen vther men ar trublit and disesit,
With all pastime full plesandlie thay ar easit.

Throw quhilk thay ar exaltit in to pryde,
Thair violence and wrang walkis full wyde
Throw thair grit micht in alkin lust thay leif,
Quhat thay can think, vnto thair hart thay geif.

Quhat euer is done thay think it vanitie,
Bot giue that thay the authoure of it be,
God of heum thay blaspheme with thair mouth
To cues all men thay think it na vncouth.

For this the peple dois flow to and fra,
Quhen thay the wickit with welth se do swa,
Thay dar be bald to dout giue God dois knaw,
Or vnderstand the breking of his Law.

And

And I also thocht thair prosperitie
Suld euer indure with thame Eternallie
And thocht, vnto my self I did offence,
That wusche my handis and leuit in innocence.

To thole distres I thocht it was in vaine,
Baith day and nicht to tak on me sic paine.
Quhen I had lang argound on sic a kinde,
The Sonnis of God I dampnit in my minde.

I tuke trauell on this to knaw the treuth,
Bot all for nocht, my labour was bot sleuth.
Quhen I sall enter in Goddis secreit place,
Than sall I se thair end befoir my face.

Full slydrie is the sait, that thay on sit,
And for thair fault till hell sune sall thay flit.
For suddenlie thay sall die with mischeif,
Thair destructioun sall be without releif.

As quhen ane man awalkis of his dreame
Sa sall the Lord destroy thair fulische fame.
Quhen I had this Imaginatioun
My dullie Spreit was in greit passioun.

Imprudentlie this brint I in my thocht,
In thy presence as brutall beist of nocht
Sit leit thow not me fall on sic ane sort
Bot beld my hand, and gaue me gude comfort.

with thy counsell thow sall me weill conuey,
And efter this resaue me to thy ioy
O Lord quhat euer in heuin ordand for me.

Outher in eird, compair I not to the.

Na thing am I, my body nor my hart.
God is my strenth and euer salbe my part.
Perishe sall thay, that fleis from the far,
Loste sall thay be, that ocht to the prefar.

To me forsuith, I think it for the best,
To clene to God, and on him put my traist
And schaw the nobill warkis that he hes done
To quhome be gloir ringand in his throne.

FINIS.

¶ Deus quis similis erit tibi. Psal. lxxxiij.

GOD for thy grace thow keip no moir silence
Postpon it not, bot haist thy vengeance
On Hypocritis, humelie I the exhort.
For thay Rebellis with rage do resort.
And thay quhilk at the haue mortall feid,
Contrair thy micht hes lifted vp thair heid.

And till oppres thy pepill do pretend,
Under pretente and cloikit halynes.
With subtell slycht to slay vs thay intend.
Confiderat thay ar baith mair and les.
Contrair thy testament, our hope & richteousnes
Thay say, thay sall vs rute from the ground,
That na mentioun of vs sall mair be found.

Thay now conspyre with cruell hart and fell,
With ane consent, togidder in ane band:
Quhilk neuer befoir culd gre amang thame sell,

Stryuand

Stryuand for ſtait, and hicht, in euerie land.
Bot contrair the togidder ſtife thay ſtand.
And faſt lyke burris, thay cleik baith ane and all
To hald o God thy word and vs in thrall.

Ze Edomeitis Idoll with thrinfald Croune,
The crop and rute of pryde and Tyrannie,
Ze Iſmalitis with ſcarlat hat and gowne,
Your blindie boiſt na ſyith can ſatiſfyie
Ze Moabitis with hornis twa full hie
Ourwart lyke ſcheip ze beir the beiſtis mark,
Inwart lyke tykis ze byte bot can not bark.

Of Agarins quhat tung can tell the tryne,
with burklit bude ouir a weill nureiſt neck,
Iabell and Amon, als fat as ony ſwyne,
Quhilk can not do, bot drink, ſing, Jouk and bek
The Amelekis, that leſingis weill can clek.
The Paliſtenis, with dum Doctouris of Tyre
Quhilk dar nocht diſpute, bot cryis, fyre, fyre.

Aſſure in harnes is with thame euer moir,
Companzeoun he is perpetuall,
To Lotis Houis, for to mantene thair gloir,
Be wate nocht ellis, for his conſcience is thrall
To thame quhilk hes na hope celeſtiall,
Bot contrair God indurit hes thair hartis.
Syne ſylis Princes, blindly, tak thair partis.

O God of gloir reſiſt thair cruelnes,
As thow ſum tyme ouerthrew the Madionitis
And Sicera, with his malicioulnes.
And Jabene, with his blindie Hypocritis.

At Hylon ſude, as weill the ſtorie dytis
Thay periſchit at Endor throw thy micht
Syne mucke become and fylth for all thair hicht.

Thair gouernouris and gydis gif ſiclike,
As Oreb, Zeb, Zeba, and Zelmanie.
Thair ſinnis ſkawis thay ar a bludie byke.
And zit, thay wald throw thair Hypocriſie,
Poſſes the Kirk of God, throw tyrannie,
And will cum to na counſell generall.
For feir thay loſe thair pompe pontificall.

As quheill vnſtabill and caffe befoir the wind
And as the wod conſumit is with fyre:
And as the flame burning, quhair it can find,
The faggat, in the feild, with grit Impyre:
Sicklike perſew thame with thy greuous Ire,
Lat thy tempeſt thair wraithfulnes reuenge,
And lat thy ſtorme thair pryde in purteth change.

Confound thame Lord, that thay may ſeik thy name
Perturbe pair minde with cair continuall.
And let thame periſche, and cum till vter ſchame
Lat thame knaw the, for the God Eternall,
Allanerlie on the allone to call.
And the obey, abone all eirdlie thing,
Maiſt michtieſt, maiſt hieſt in thy King.

FINIS.

¶ Qui habitat in adiutorio. Pſal. lxxxj.

QVHA on the hieſt will depend,
And in his ſecreit help will traiſt,
Almichtie

Almichtie God ſall him defend
And gyde him with his haly Gaiſt,
Thairfoir with mynde tryne and degeſt,
Thow ſay to God my trew reteue,
My hope, my God of michtis maiſt,
Onlie in him I will beleue.

He ſall delyuer the at neid,
And ſaue thy lyfe from peſtilence,
His wings ar thy weirlie weid,
His pennes ar thy ſtrang defence,
And thow ſall haue experience,
That his trew promeis is thy ſcheild,
His word of grit magnificence,
Sall be thy buklar and thy beild.

Na wickit Spreit ſall the affray,
Nor the delude into the nicht,
The fleand dartis be the day,
To trubill the ſall haue na micht.
Na ſuddand chance of vncouth flicht,
Sall cummer the, nor mak the red,
Nor the perturbe in mark nor licht.
Bot from all plague thow ſall be fred.

And thow ſall ſe at thy left hand,
Ane thouſand haue ane ſuddand fall.
And als thow ſall ſe ten thouſand
At thy richt hand, quhilk periſche ſall.
Yit nocht to the ſall cum at all.
Bot thow ſall with thine eine behald,
Sinnaris put fra memoriall,
With plagues grit and monyfald.

O Lord my hope and all my grace,
Thow ſaue me for thy grit mercy.
Thy gyrth is ſet in ſicker place,
For he ſall ſaue the michtfullie.
And na miſchance ſall cum to the,
Nor maledie ſall the moleſt.
Na miſfortoun thy hous ſall ſe.
Bot all thingis wirk ſall for the beſt.

His Angellis he ſall giue ane charge,
That thay on the ſall take the cure.
In all thy wayis to be ane targe,
To keip the from miſauenture,
And with thair handis thay ſall the ſure,
That thow hurt nocht aganis ane craig.
Thy ſure bot ſall preſerue the ſure,
From perrellis, panis, and from plaig.

Thow ſall ſtrampe on the edderis ſtrang.
And tred on the cruell Cocketrice,
The Lyonnis craig, thow ſall ouer gang,
The dreidfull Dragoun thow ſall chace,
Sen thow me traiſtis in all caſe.
Sayis God. I ſall the ſaif from ſchame,
And the defend in euerie place,
For cauſe thow knew my godly name.

Quhen thow ſall call. I ſall the heir,
And in diſtres ſall be with the.
I ſall reſtoir the hail and feir,
And als I ſall the magnifie.
With lang lyfe dotit ſall thow be,
And at the laſt I ſall the bring.

Quhair

Quhair throw eternall gloir sall se,
For euer moir with me to Ring.

FINIS.

¶In exitu Israell. Psal. lxxxj.

QVHEN fra Egypt departit Israell.
And Jacobis hous fra pepill barbour sell
To Juda Lord thow wes his Sauiour
And to Israell ane gyde and gouernour,
Quhilk quhen the se had sene, for feir it fled,
The flude Jordane zeid back, it was sa red.
The montainis muifit & ran athort lyke rãmis,
The hillis dansit and lichtly lap lyke lambis.
Thow swelland sey quhat muifit the to fle?
To gang abak Jordane quhat ailit the?
Quhat gart zow montanis lyke rãmis stert and
And ze hillis lyke lãbis loup and bend (stend?
It was the Lordis feir that maid sic reird,
And Jacobis God perturbit all the eird.
For God turnit the craig in fresche reueir.
The barrane bra in Fontane water cleir,
Not vnto vs, not vnto vs, o Lord.
Bot to thy sweit promeis, and to thy word,
And to thy name be gloir allauerlie,
Quhilk keipis thy promeis faithfullie.
Thairfoir lat not our Ennemeis blaspheme
Thy Maiestie, for we may not sustene,
To heir thame say, quhair is thy grit ascence,
Thy godly help of thy magnificence.
Our God forsuith Ringis in heuin full hie.
And quhat him listis, or lykis workis he.
Thir Imagis of stock, stane, gilt with gold,

Ar maid be men, and syne for money sold.
Thay haue a mouth can nouther say nor sing
Thair eine ar blind, and thay can se na thing.
Thay can nocht heir, thocht men do cry and zell.
Thair nois thirlis can nouther sauer nor smell
Thay haue handis, can nouther feill nor grope.
Thair fundyit feit cā nouther gang nor lowpe
Thay can pronūce na voce furth of thair throtis.
Thay ar suergane with mouswobs & maitis
Quha makis thame, or traistis in thair support
Ar lyke to thame in all maner of sort.
Bot thow Israel in God put thy traist,
Thy Protectour into thy myster maist.
Ze hous of Aaron in God put zour beleif
Zour defendar, and na man can zow greif.
All worschippers of God traist in his Name,
He is zour help, and Sauiour allane.
The Lord hes mynde and mercy vpon vs,
will fauour vs, and bring vs to his blis.
Als feid the hous of Israel with his fude
And to the hous of Aaron will be gude.
Thow sall do weill to them that dreidis the,
Baith zoung & auld, quhat stait yat euer yai be
God sall augment his pepill and Increis.
And eik thair sonnes and dochteris mair & les
He is the Lord that creat heuin
And eird, with his creatures, in dayis seuin.
The heuinnis ar the Lordis habitatioun
The eird he gaue to mannis propagatioun.
The deid may not the loue amang the lane,
Nor thay that ar discendit in thair graue.
Bot we that ar on liue sall loue and sing
To God forzeuer vnto our lyues ending.

FINIS. ¶ Nin

¶Nisi quia Dominus. Psal. cxxiiij.

EXCEPT the Lord with vs had stand,
Say furth, Israell, vnfenzeitlie.
Had not the Lord bene our warrand.
Quhen men rais in our contrarie:
Thay had vs all on liue deuorit,
With Ire, sa scharpelie thay vs schorit.
Sa kendlit was thair cruelitie.

For lyke the welterand wallis brym,
Thay had ouerquhelmit vs with micht
Lyke burnis that in spait fast rin,
Thay had onerthrawin vs with slicht.
The bulrand stremis of thair pryde,
Had perishit vs throw bak and syde,
And reft fra vs our lyfe full richt.

Bot louing to the Lord, allone,
That gaue vs nocht to be thair pray,
To be rent with thair teith anone.
Bot hes vs fred full weill thame fray
Lyke to ane bird taine in ane net
The quhilk the Foullar for her set,
Sa is our lyfe weill win away.

The net is broken in pecis small,
And we ar sauit fra thair schame
Our hope was ay and euer sall
Be in the Lord, and in his Name,
The quhilk hes creat heuin sa hie.
And maid the eird sa meruellouslie,
And all the ferleis of the same.

¶Fra deip ô Lord.

¶De profundis. pſal. xxx.

FRA deip (O Lord) I call to the,
Lord heir my Inuocatioun
Thy eiris thow inclyne to me
And heir my Lamentatioun.
Forgif thow will our ſin Imputе
Till vs (O Lord) that we commit
Quha may byde thy accuſatioun.

Bot thow art mercyfull and kynde,
And hes promittit in thy wyte,
Them that repent with hart and mynde
Of all thair ſin to mak them quyte.
Thocht I be full of ſinfulnes,
Yit thow art full of faithfulnes
And thy promeis trew and perfyte,

My hope is ſteidfaſt in the Lord,
My Saull euer on him traiſt
And my beleue is in thy word
And all thy promittis maiſt and leiſt
My Saull on God waitis and is bent,
As watcheman wald the nicht wer went,
Bydand the day to tak him reſt.

Iſrael in God put thy beleue,
For he is full of gentilnes,
Fredome, gudnes, and all releue
All Iſrael of thair diſtres,
He ſall delyuer Iſrael
And all thair ſunneris ſall expell,
And cleith them with his richteouſnes.

FINIS.

¶Super flumina Babylonis. pſal. cxxxviij.

AT the Riuers of Babylon,
Quhair we dwelt in Captiuitie,
Quhen we rememberit on Sion,
we weipit all full ſorrowfullie
On the Sanch treis our Harpis we hang,
Quhen thay requyzit vs ane ſang,
That held vs in ſic thirldome
Thay bad vs ſing ſum Pſalme or Himme,
That we ſum tyme ſang Sion in
To quhome we anſwerit full ſone,

How may we ourher play or ſing,
The Pſalmes of our Lord ſa ſweit
Intill ane vncouth land or Reigne
My richt hand firſt ſall that forleit,
Or Jeruſalem forzettin be,
Faſt to my chaftis my toung ſall be
Claſpit, or that I it forzet,
In my maiſt glaidnes and my game.
I ſall remember Jeruſalem,
And all my hart vpon it ſet.

O Lord think on the Edometis,
How thay did at Jeruſalem,
Thay bad deſtroy with cruelteis
Put all to ſack, and it ouirquhelme
Bot wrakkit ſall thow be Babylon,
And bleſſit is that Campion,
Sall ſerue the as thow ſeruit vs
And he that ſall thy barnis plaig
And raſche thair harnis againis a ſtre

Is happy and full glorious.

FINIS.

¶Exaltabo te. psal. cliiij.

I WILL the loue my gracious Lord and King
Thankand thy Name for euer will I sing
All tyme I will reioyce and sing to the,
And pryse thy name also perpetuallie.
Greit is the Lord, and all laude dois excell.
And his greit micht quha can discryue or tell.
Ane generation, thy warkis dois declair
Unto ane vther, and als thy greit powair.
Thy gloir, thy greitnes, and thy magnificence,
Thy nobill actis digne of rememberance,
I will furth schaw thy meruellis sa greit,
Thy magnitude I will it put in dyte
Memorie als of thy greit gentilnes
we sall ay sing, and of thy richteousnes.
The Lord is meik, and mercyfull is he.
slaw to reuenge, and to forgiue reddie
Courtes and kynde till all men is the Lord,
In all his warkis is misericord,
And all thy warkis do thank the thairfoir,
And all thy Sanctis to thy Name gif gloir
The gloriousnes of thy Kingdome teiche,
And with thair toung thy greit power preiche.
Till all natiounis thy magnitude and micht,
Of thy riche renoun the heninly lusum licht
Thy royall Realme, is Realme of Realmes all
And thy Impyre indure for euer sall.
The Lord is help to thame that slyde and slimer
Them that troublit ar bringis out of cummer

All mennis eine O Lord do the abyde.
Thow feidis them in all tyme and tyde,
Thow oppinnis furth thy hand full gracioullie
And fatisfyis all fleshe aboundantlie.
In all his wayis the Lord is Juft and richt,
In all his warkis is fantifyit his micht,
Till all call on the Lord, he is full neir,
Sa that in trew beleif be thair prayer.
He grantis thair deſyre that dreidis him
And heiris thame and forgeuis thair ſin,
All thame that luffis the Lord he ſauis thame,
And he confoundis all ſort of wicket men
The louing of the Lord my mouth ſall ſound,
All louing men in to this warld ſa round,
Sall loue thy name, perpetuall and moir,
Gif moir may be, regnand into thy gloir.

FINIS.

¶ Deus venerunt gentes Pſal. lxxvij.

THE Hethim folk, Lord in thy heritage,
Hes cumin, til exerce thair tyrannie.
And hes defylit, euer to this aige,
The Tempill, quhilk was dedicat to the,
Quhilk haly was and zit ſall bliſſit be.
Jeruſalem as apellis, lay in heip,
Bot thow gude Lord, ryſe vp and na mair ſleip.

Thair tyrannie againis thy commandis,
Richt cruellie exerſit in diſpyte,
Hes put to deid thy Juſt and trew ſeruandis
The foulis of the heuin with grit delyte,
Did eit thair fleſhe, and beſtis fair cruid byte.

Thair bodyis quhen thay lay in commoun ſtreit
Jeruſalem thairfoir richt ſair did weip.

Thair blude was ſched as Riueirs of a well
That compaſt hes Jeruſalem about.
Nane was that micht thair tyrannie expell,
Aganis them it was ſa ſtrang and ſtout.
Thair bodyis throw yair danger and greit dout
Unburyit was, voide of all Sepulture,
That nane to bury them wald tak the cure.

Our Nichtbouris (Lord) hes mockit vs with ſcorne,
And leuch at vs with greit Illuſioun:
Bot thow gude (Lord) let vs not be forlorne,
How lang ſall we remaine in confuſioun?
Will thow vs hald in thair abuſioun?
Vnto the end ſall thy wraith burne as fyre,
Allace (gude Lord) remuſe fra vs ſic Ire.

Rather caſt furth thy greif and cruelnes,
On wickit men, quhilk neuer will the knaw,
And Realmes quhilk miſknaw thy godlynes,
Not hauand E vnto thy godly Law.
For Jacob and his hous thay ſair ouirthraw,
And hes vs left all ſolyit into cair,
Beleuand for to bring vs to diſpair.

Auoyde (Lord) furth of thy remembrance,
Our ſinfull lyfe that we haue ſcipit in:
Our will ſalbe thy mercy to aduance,
For be the ſamin remittit is our ſin,
And as water faſt rinnis ouir ane Lin.
Dois not returne againe to the awin place,

Sa thow gude Lord put our sin from thy face.

Help vs gude Lord, our gyde and Gouernour
Delyuer vs for thy Names saik glorious,
Thow art our hope, our help and Sauiour,
And als our sinnis maist dangerous,
Dois put away, for that thow promeist vs.
Quhen we will turue to the with a trew hart
And fra our sinfull lyfe to the conuert.

For schaw thow not thy merry in distres,
Our Enemeis sall grow in tyrannie,
And sall say God hes left vs mercyles
Bot thow gude Lord exerce thy crueltie,
Upon our fais, that sayis schamefullie
Quhair is thair God in quhome thay did beleif,
He hes them left without help and releif.

The vengeance of the blude of thy seruandis,
Mot cum into thy presence and thy sicht,
The greting of thy pure that ar in bandis,
In prisoun pynde, of day wantand the licht
The vayce of them that to the deid ar dicht.
Heir now (gude Lord) and help thē in pair neid
And be thair strenth at all tymes and remeid.

Rewaird thy fais accordīg to thair wiang,
Seuin fald thair sin gude Lord mot puneist be
For thay haue blasphemit all to lang
Speikand contrair thy godly Maiestie.
Bot we thy pepill and scheip sall Maguifie,
And als exalt thy laude, thy Name and gloir
And sall the loue for now and euer moir,

FINIS.

¶Miserere mei Deus. psal. lj.

HAVE mercy on me God of micht,
Of mercy Lord and King:
For thy mercy is set full richt
Abone all erdly thing.
Thairfoir I cry baith day and nicht,
And with my hart sall sing:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Haue mercy on me (O gude Lord)
Efter thy greit mercie:
My sinfull lyfe dois me remord,
Quhilk sair hes greuit the:
Bot thy greit grace hes me restord,
Throw Christ to libertie
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Et secundum multitudinem.

Gude Lord I knaw my wickitnes,
Contrair to thy com mand:
Rebell and ay with cruelnes,
And led me in ane band
To Sathan quha is mercyles,
Zit Lord heir me cryand.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Quhat toung can tell the multitude
Lord of thy greit mercie:
Sen Sinnery hes thy Celsitude
Resistit cruellie
Zit na Sinner will throw seclude
That this will cry to the
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Amplius

¶Amplius laua me.

Thow wushe me Lord quhen I was borne,
From all my wickitnes,
Bot zit I did throw sin forlorne
Of heuin the richteousnes,
weschе me againe, and from thy borne
Delyuer me in stres:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

And fra my sin thow mak me clene,
As thow maid Dauid King:
with Peter, Paule, and Magdalene,
Quha now dois with the reigne,
In heuinly Joy fair and amene,
And I sall with thame sing.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Quoniam iniquitatem.

Full weill I knaw my wickitnes,
And sin contrarious:
Blasphemit hes thy gentilnes,
with sin maist dangerous
And hes me led in heuynes,
Zit O God maist gracious
To thy mercy with the will I go.

I grant my sinfull lyfe did vse
In Sensualitie:
Zit thow gude Lord will nane refuse
That will cum vnto the,
Herfoir I schairply me accuse
Cryand for thy mercie
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Tibi soli peccaui.

Only to the I did offend,
And mekill euill hes done:
Throw quhilk appeirandly defence,
To me is nane abone:
Thus men will iudge thy iust vengeance,
Des put me from thy throne.
Zit to thy mercy with the will I go.

Thocht thow gude Lord be iudgeit thus,
Full fals and wrangouslie:
O God sa gude and gracious,
Let thair iudgeing vincust be
And schaw thy mercy plenteous,
Quhilk mot vs iustifie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Conſauit into ſin I am,
My wickitnes thocht thow behald,
Quhilk I contractit of Adame,
Sinnand richt monykald.
My Mother als did eik the ſame
And I to Sin was ſald,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Bot zit the Lord Omnipotent,
My cairfull cace did cure,
At Font quhen I was impotent,
Fragill, vaine, vyle and pure,
Than helpit me that King Potent
In my miſauenture.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Ecce enim veritatem.

Behald thow lukis treuth gude Lord,

Thow

¶Haue mercy on me God of micht. 107

Thow art the veritie:
This weill thy promeis can record,
Quhair thow dois it schaw to me,
The hid thingis of thy godly word,
That war vnsure to me.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Thow hecht to Abraham anone,
Isaack his Eldest Sone,
Thow promeist als that Salomone,
Suld bruik King Dauids throne.
To sinners als that callis the one
Grace cummis from abone.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Asperges me.

with Isope Lord thow sprinkill me,
And then I sall be clene.
And clenar then maid sall I be,
Then euer snaw hes bene,
Sit of my clenes thy mercy
The cute is euer sene.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

This Isope is humilitie,
Richt law in till offence
The snaw saquhyte in all degre,
Betakinnis innocence
For and thir twa do gouerne me,
I sall do nane offence.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶ Auditui meo dabis.

Then ioy and and mirth thow sall me geue,

Thy mercy quhen I heir
My wants law thow sall releue,
And be my scheild and speir:
Thy swoyd also richt soir sall grene,
My Enemeis with feir.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

My hope and traist hes beue to lang
In mennis fals supplie,
Quhairfoir I grant I hane done wrang
Not hope and help of the
Bot now with steidfast faith I gang
Unto thy Maiestie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Aduerte faciem tuam.

Fra my sinnes aduert thy face
My wickitnes expell
Sen I haue hoipit in thy grace
Thow saue me fra the hell,
Thy mercy is set in sicker place,
Na Sinner can repell,
To thy mercy with the will I go.

The theif that hang on the richt hand,
And sufferit with the deid:
In the last hour thy mercy fand
For sin the haill remeid,
Richtyke gude Lord, heir me cryand,
And help me in my neid.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Cor mundum.

Thow creat in me (O God) ane hart,
Baith clene and Innocent:

And

And let me not from the depart
My God Omnipotent,
Sen vnto the I ſchaw my ſmart
Richt pure and indigent:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Renew me with thy haly Spreit
To help my febilnes:
My teiris ſall my cheikis weit,
For my greit ſinfulnes,
Bot thow gude Lord my comfort ſweit
Erpell my wickitnes.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Ne proijcias me.

O gude Lord caſt me not away,
From thy perfite preſence:
Sen that I grant my ſinnes ay,
Des done the greit offence
And I ſall prais baith nicht and day,
Thy greit Magnificence.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Tak not from me thy godly Spreit,
In my aduerſitie:
For till my Saull it is full ſweit,
Quhen ſin beſetteis me:
And thow ſall mak my Saull full meit,
Vnto thy Maieſtie:
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Redde mihi.

Giue me the blythnes and the blis,
Of my ſweit Sauiour:
For throw his bitter deid I mis

Of hell the dyntis dour,
And in this moztall lyfe he is,
My ſtrang defence and tour.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Conforme thy Spreit maiſt principall,
Into me throw thy grace:
Foz ſin richt lang held me in thrall,
And put me from thy face,
Fit vnto the my Lozd I call,
Into my heuie caſe.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Docebo iniquos.

Then I ſall teiche the wickit men,
Thy wayis iuſt and richt:
And thay that did the lang miſken
Sall knaw the God of micht.
Quhen thay ſall ryſe furth of the den
Of ſin, and cum to licht.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

The ſinfull then to the renart,
Sall into gudlie haiſt:
And rew thair ſinnes with thair hart,
And thair auld lyfe deteſt.
And to them Lozd thow ſall conuart
Quhen they thy mercy taiſt.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Libera me.

Delyuer me from blude ſchedding,
Foz blude betakinnis Sin:
Foz puniſhment I ſerue conding
Fit efter the I rin:

Grant

Grant me that I may with the Reigne,
And at thy port get in.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Than sall my toung thy richteousnes
Extoll and Magnifie:
Quhen gane is my greit sinfulnes,
And greit iniquitie,
God for thy grace and gentilnes,
Grant me thy greit mercie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

My lippis Lord, then louse thow sall,
Quhilk closit lang haue bene:
From thy louing sair bound in thrall
Brekand thy sweit biddene,
And keip me from ane suddand fall
For greit paine I sustene.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

And then my mouth sall do furthschaw
Thy louing glorious:
And I sall caus all sinners knaw,
Thy micht sa meruellous.
And frathine furth sall keip thy Law
Quhilk is sa precious.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Quoniam si voluisses.

Gif the had plesit Sacrifice,
I suld them offerit the:
Bot thow will not sic auarice,
For thow art wonder fre,
And geuis vs thy benefites

Throw Chriſtis blude freelie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Bzint Sacrifice is na delyte,
Unto thy Maieſtie:
Thow curis nocht of it ane myte,
Foz Sin to ſatiſfie,
Foz only Chriſt did mak vs quyte,
Of all ennozmitie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Sacrificium deo.

Ane Sacrifice to the pleſand,
Is ane ſwett humbill hart:
Vnto the quhilk I vnderſtand,
Thow dois the haill conuart,
Thairfoir gude Lozd let thy command
Na way from me depart.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Ane contrite hart do not diſpiſe,
God foz thy greit mercie;
Hen foz thy grace ſa oft it cryis,
Foz ſuccour and ſupplie,
And it ſall thank ane thouſand fyis
Thy godly Maieſtie.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Benigne fac Domine.

To Sion Lozd be gude againe
After thy godly will:
And let thy louing thair remaine
Thy promeis to fulfill,
Foz Mount Sion with greit diſdaine
Yit haill is hiddertill.

To thy

To thy mercy with the will I go.

Ierusalem did get ane fall,
Hir wallis war maid full law
For scho miskennit the God of all,
And daylie brak his Law:
Bot thow sall put hir out of thrall,
Quhen scho hir God dois knaw.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

¶Tunc acceptabis.

Then Sacrifice thow sall accept,
Of treuth and richteousnes:
Conforming to thy trew precept,
And to thy gentilnes.
For na man then sall thow except
Into thair neid and stres.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

Then Calfis and brint Sacrifice
Thy altar sall repleit,
Then greitar gloir and benefite,
Thow sall mak for vs meit,
Quhair day and nicht we sall not ceis
Ay singand Sanctis sweit.
To thy mercy with the will I go.

FINIS.

¶Beati omnes qui timent. psal. cxxviij.

BLISSIT ar thay that sit in Goddis dreid,
And liue in his commandement alway
Of thy hād labour thow sall eit, be not feird
And fair weill thow sall euerie day.

Thy wyfe ſall be as ane frutefull wyne,
And ſall weill ay increſs thy hous.
Thy barnis all ſall to vertew incline,
As fair Oliue treis that be plenteous.

Quhen euer thow ſittis at thy Tabill,
Thy barnis ſall ſtand round about the
Sa will the Lord mak the abill,
And fill thy hous with honeſtie.

Sa ſall God him euer bleſs,
That dreidis him ay in his leuing
Alway ſall he be ſicker of this,
That is neidfull to want na thing.

Fra Sion ſall the Lord bleſs the,
That thow may ſe to thy greit weill,
How proſperous Jeruſalem ſall be,
And thow reſſaue to greit heill.

Ane profitable lyfe ſall be giuen the,
And God alway ſall be thy freind:
Thy Childeris Childzen, thow ſall ſe,
And peace in Iſcaell ſall thow find.

FINIS.

FOR luſe of one I mak my mone,
Richt ſecreitlie:
To Chriſt Jeſu, that Lord maiſt trew
For his mercy.
Beſeiking that he, grant grace to me,
Or I be gone:
And to redzes, my heuines,

And all my mone:
Or I be deid, ſend me remeid,
For thy pietie,
O Lord quhilk wrocht, all thing of nocht,
Grant me thy mercy.
We the beſeik with wordis meik,
O mercyfull Lord,
Thy humill word, with ane accord,
Let be reſtord,
To ſinneris all, quhen they do call,
For thy mercy.
For quhilk on Rude, thow ſched thy blude,
Richt plenteouſlie:
Sanct Johne did tell, thow herrit hell,
And ſchew mercie.
Ane thouſand ſcoir, thow did reſtoir,
To thy glorie.
O King of peace, in quhome is grace,
Haboundantlie:
My miſerabill life, and ſinnis ryfe,
Thow forgeue me.
Sen be na richt, I haue na miche,
Me to defend:
Fra hellis pane, bot giue thow plane,
Me ſucour ſend.
Be thy ſweit word, to me o Lord,
In my diſtres:
Ane thouſand ſyſe, than ſall I pryſe,
Thy halines:
Let vs now ſing, and loue the King,
For his greit mercie:
And his greit grace, ſchawin vs the ſpace,
Sa plenteouſlie,

with ane accord, let vs thank the Lord,
Richt hartfullie:
With hart and Spreit, sing Psalmes sweit
Richt plesandlie.
As brether deir, in this lyfe heir,
We may indure:
Waith nicht and day, to Christ lat vs pray,
To mak vs sure.

FINIS.

QVHO is at my windo, quho, quho,
Go from my windo, go, go,
Quho callis thair, sa lyke a strangair
Go from my windo go.

Lord I am heir ane wretchit mortall,
That for thy mercy dois cry and call:
Vnto the my Lord Celestiall
Se quho is at my windo, quho.

How dar thow for mercy cry?
Sa lang in Sin as thow dois ly,
Mercy to haue thow art not worthy
Go from my windo, go.

My gylt gude Lord I will refuse,
And the wickit lyfe that I did vse
Traistand thy mercy sall be myne excuse,
Se quho is at thy windo, quho.

To be excusit, thow wald richt faine,
In spending of thy lyfe in vaine
Daming my Gospell in greit disdaine,

Go from my winde, go.

O Lord I haue offendit the,
Excvse thairof thair can nane be,
I haue followit them that sa teichit me,
Se quho is at my windo, quho.

May I call the nocht fra my dure I wis,
Lyke ane stranger that vnknawin is,
Thow art my brother, and my will it is
That in at my dure thow go.

With riche humbill hart Lord I the pray,
Thy comfort and grace obteine I may,
Schaw me the paith and reddy way
In at thy dure for to go.

I am cheif gyde to riche and pure,
Schawand the paith way richt to my dure,
I am thair comfort in euerie hour
That in at my dure will go.

Bot thay that walk aue vther way,
As mony did teiche from day to day,
Thay wer indurit my Gospell did say,
And far from my dure sall go.

O gracious Lord comfort of all wicht,
For thy greit power, and cheif excellent micht,
Sen thow art gyde and verray licht,
In at thy dure let me go.

Man I gaue the nocht fre will,

That thow ſuld my Goſpell ſpill,
Thow dois na gude bot euer ill
Thairfoir from my dure that thow go.

That will allace hes me begylit,
That will ſa ſair hes me defylit,
That will thy preſence hes me exilit,
Sit at thy dure let me go.

To blame that will thow dois not richt,
I gaue the reſſoun quhairby thow micht,
Haue knawin the day by the dark nicht,
In at my dure for to go.

Lord, I pray the with all my hart,
Of thy greit mercy remufe my ſmart,
Let ane drop of thy grace be my part
That in at thy dure I may go,

I haue ſpokin in my Scripture
I will the deid of na Creature.
Quha will aſk mercy ſall be ſure
And in at my dure for to go.

O Lord quhais mercy is but end,
Quhairin ocht to the I did offend,
Grant me ſpace my lyfe to amend,
That in at thy dure I may go.

Remember thy ſin, and als thy ſmart
And als for the quhat was my part
Remember the ſpeir that thirlit my hart.
And in at my dure thow ſall go.

And

And it wer zit till do againe,
Rather or thow suld ly in paine
I wald suffer mair in certaine,
That in at my dure thow micht go.

I ask na thing of the thairfoir,
Bot lufe for lufe, to lay in stoir:
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir
And in at my dure thow sall go.

O gracious Lord Celestiall,
As thow art Lord and King Eternall,
Grant vs grace that we may enter all,
And in at thy dure for to go.

Quho is at my windo, quho,
Go from my windo go,
Cry na mair thair, lyke ane stranger,
Bot in at my dure thow go.

FINIS.

¶ Deus misereatur. Psal:

O GOD be mercyfull to vs,
And send to vs thy blissing,
Thy face schaw vs sa glorious
And be euer to vs luiffing.
That men on eird may knaw thy wa
Thy sauing heill and richteousnes,
That thay be nocht led nicht nor da
Fra thy preceptis and trew Justice,
To seik Saluatioun quhair nane is.

Thairfoir the pepill micht Magnifie:
O God all folke and honour thy Name,
Let all the pepill reioyce glaidlie
Becaus thow dois richt without blame,
The pepill dois thow iudge trewlie,
And ordouris euerie Natioun:
Thow hes declarit the eird iustlie
Euer sen the first Creatioun,
Thrtow thy godlie prouisioun.

The pepill moste spred thy Name sa hie,
All pepill (O God) mon giue the honour
The eird alswa richt plenteouslie,
Mot increis euer moir and moir,
And God quhilk is our God ouer all
Mot do vs gude and plesour.
God mot blis vs greit and small,
And all the warld him honour
Alwayis for his micht and power.

FINIS.

IN till ane mirthfull May morning
Quhen Phebus did vp spring,
walkand I lay, in ane garding gay,
Thinkand on Christ sa fre
Quhilk meiklie for mankynde,
Tholit to be pynde,
On Croce cruellie. La. La.

And how he hes me wrocht,
And formit me of nocht,
Syne his picture, that Lord maist sure,
Eneird he hes me supporte.

Syne

Syne me to hald in richt,
Des send ane Angell bricht,
To be my comfort. La. La.

2. Sathan fals vntrew,
Quhilk cruelly dois persew,
with violence, and greit defence,
In eird to tempt mankynde
with cruell sinnis scum,
The Saull to gyde from heuin,
To hell for to be pynde. La. La.

Thairfoir (O gracious Lord)
Quhilk mercy hes restoird
That sinfull wicht, destroy his micht,
Quhilk wirkis aganis thy gloir,
And send thy gracious word,
Thy pepill may be restoird
We pray the thairfoir. La. Lay.

FINIS.

ALL my hart ay this is my sang,
with dowbill mirth and ioy amang,
Sa blyith as byrd my God to sang,
Christ hes my hart ay.

Quha hes my hart bot heuinnis King:
Quhilk causis me for ioy to sing,
Quhome that I lufe atouir all thing
Christ hes my hart ay.

He is fair, sober, and bening,
Sweit, meik, and gentill in all thing,

Maist worthiest to haue louing,
Christ hes my hart ay.

For vs that blissit barne was borne,
For vs he was baith rent and torne
For vs he was Crownit with thorne,
Christ hes my hart ay.

For vs he sched his precious blude,
For vs he was naillit on the Rude
For vs he in mony battell stude,
Christ hes my hart ay.

Nixt him to lufe his Mother fair.
With stedfast hart for euer mair,
Scho bure the byrth fred vs from cair,
Christ hes my hart ay.

We pray to God that sittis abufe,
Fra him let neuer our hartis remufe,
Nor for na fuddand warldly lufe
Christ hes my hart ay.

He is the lufe of luifaris all,
He cummis . on him quhen we call
For vs he drank the bitter gall
Christ hes my hart ay.

FINIS.

MY Lufe murnis for me, for me,
My lufe that murnis for me,
I am vnkynde, hes nocht in mynde
My Lufe that murnis for me,

Quha

¶My Lufe murnis for me. 133

Quha is my lufe, bot God abufe,
Quhilk all this warld hes wrocht:
The King of blis, my lufe he is
Fu'l deir he hes me bocht.

His precious blude he sched on Rude,
That was to mak vs fre:
This sall I preik be Goddis leif,
That sair my Lufe murnis for me.

This my lufe, come from abufe,
And borne was of ane Mayd:
For till fulfill his fatheris will,
Till fill furth that he said.

Man hane in mynde, and thow be kynde,
Thy Lufe that murnis for the
How he on Rude, did sched his blude,
From Sathan to mak the fre.

FINIS.

TELL me now and in quhat wise,
How that I suld my lufe forgo:
Baith day and nicht ane thousand syse
Thir tyrannis walkins me with wo.

At midnicht mirk thay will vs tak,
And into prisone will vs sling:
Thair mon we ly quhill we forsaik
The Name of God, quhilk is our King.

Then faggottis mon we burne or heir,
Or to the deid thay will vs bring:

It dois them gude to do vs deir
And to confusioun vs doun thring.

Allace your grace hes done greit wrang
To suffer tyrannis in sic sort
Baylie your leigis till ouer gang
That dois bot Christis word report.

Christ sen your grace wald cry ane cry,
Out throw the Realme of all Scotland
The man that wald liue faithfullie
Je wald him suffer in the land.

Then suld we outher do or die,
Or ellis our lyfe we suld lay for it
And euer to liue in Cheritie,
Be Christ Jesus quhilk is our Lord.

Blink vp your hartis, and mak zow bowne,
For Christis word se ze stand for it,
Thair crueltie it sall cum downe
Be Christ Jesus quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of gloir grant vs thy blis,
Send vs support and comforting,
Aganis our fais that bissie is,
That schaipis till strop baith auld and zing.

In hour of deid grant vs thy strenth,
Gladly to thrill thair crueltie,
And that we may with the at lenth
Wellane thy ioy Eternallie.

FINIS.

¶Magnificat

¶Magnificat anima mea.

MY Saule dois Magnifie the Lord,
My Spreit reioyces gretumlie:
In God my Sauiour, and in his word
For he hes sene the law degre
Of me, his handmadin, trewlie,
Behald now efter this day,
All generations sall speik of me,
And call me blissit alway.

For he that is onlie of micht,
Hes done greit thingis vnto me,
And haly is his Name be richt
As for his endles mercie,
It duris perpetuallie
In euerie generatioun
And thay that dreidis him vnfenzeitlie
Without dissimulatioun.

He schawis streuth with his arme potent,
Declaris him self to be of power:
He scatteris all men of proude Intent
Euin for thair wickit behaviour,
Quhilk reignes in thair hartis euerie hour
He puttis doun the michtie,
From thair hie estait and greit honour
Excelling them of law degre.

The hungrie feidis he with guds
And lettis the riche ga emptie:
Quhen his awin pepill wantis suds
He thinkis vpon his greit mercie,

And helpis his seruandis ane and all:
Euin Israel he hes promysit,
And to our fatheris perpetuall
Abraham and to his seid.

FINIS.

¶Christi qui lux.

CHRIST thow art the licht, bot & the day,
The mirknes of nicht thow puttis away
We knaw thow art the verray licht
That schynis to vs baith day and nicht,

O haly Lord, we the beseik,
This nicht vs to defend and keip,
Thy rest, and peace be with vs all,
Lat neuer na euill thing vs be fall,

Na heuy sleip, nor deidly sin.
Lat not our Ennemeis vs ouercum
Nor zit our fleshe giue na consent:
Grant vs our faultis for to repent.

Lord lat our eine sum sleip do tak,
Our hartis all tyme on the may waik,
Thy richt hand keip vs from all euill,
Thy awin seruand that luiffis the weill,

Our defender, to the we pray,
All Ire and malice, thow put vs fra
Thy seruandis gouerne in the steid,
For quhais ransoun thow did sair bleid.

Dont mynde on vs thow Lord Iesu,

In this

In this fals warld that is vntrew,
Thow art defendar of our Saule,
Lord heir vs quhen we on the call.

Gloir be to God, Father of micht,
And to Christ Jesus, his Sone sa bricht,
The haly Gaist that is sa fair,
Keip vs this nicht and euer mair.

FINIS.

CHRIST is the onlie Sone of God,
The Father Eternall:
We haue in Jesse found the rod,
God and man naturall.
He is the morning Star.
His bemis send he hes out far,
Bezond vther sternis all.

He was for vs ane man borne,
In the last part of tyme.
Zit keipit scho hir madinheid vnforlorne,
His Mother that bure him syne,
He hes hellis zettis brokin,
And deuin he hes maid oppin,
Bringand vs life againe.

Thow onlie maker of all thing,
Thow euerlastand licht,
From end to end all rewling.
Be thy awin godly micht,
Turne thow our hartis vnto the:
And lichtin thame with the veritie,
That ar far from the richt.

Let vs incress in luke of the,
And in knawledge also,
That we beleuing steidfastlie,
May in Spreit serue the so,
That we in hartis may sauour,
Thy mercy and thy sauour
And traist efter no mo.

Awalk vs (Lord) we pray the,
The haly Spreit vs geue,
Quhilk may our auld man mortifie,
That our new man may leue,
Sa will we alway thank the,
That shawis vs sa greit mercy,
And our sinnis dois forgeue.

FINIS.

CHRIST Iesus is ane A. per C.
And peirles Prince of all mercy,
For he fra me my Sin hes tane,
And is my Sauiour allane.

To saue bot he none is nor sall,
I out tak nane greit nor small,
To him is na comparisoun.
He is my Sauiour allone.

I sall him luke with steidfast hart,
And for na cause fra him depart,
Bot him to serue I me dispone,
As to my Sauiour allone.

Sa on his grace I will depend,

Quhil

Quhill Lacheſis draw my lyfe till end,
Syne leue my Saule, quhen I am gone,
To Regne with thrinfald God in one.

FINIS.

ALLONE I weip in greit distres,
we ar exilit remedyles,
And wait nocht quhy:
Fra Goddis word allace, allace,
Uncourteſlie.
Quhair that we ſuld, glaidlie behauld,
Our Sauiour, baith young and auld,
Sa pleſandlie,
Now ar we baneiſt monyfauld,
Uncourteſlie.
Thay may our body fra the bind,
Sa can thay not our hartis, and mynde
Fixit on the.
Howbeit we be with dolour pynde,
Maiſt cruellie
O Antichriſt we may the call,
From Goddis word wald gar vs fall,
Thy cruelitie:
Wald baneis vs from pleſouris all,
Vncourteſlie.
Indurit Ignorance hes ſlaine,
Thy hart and put vs to greit paine,
Quhat remedie.
Hen we ar baneiſt from Chriſt allaine,
Uncourteſlie.

FINIS.

THE Lord ſayis I will ſchaw,
My will and eik my mynde,

Mark weill my Scripture and my Law
Quhairin that thow sall find.
That with my fauth I mak ane vow
And knittis it with ane knot:
The treuth is sa. I lufe the now
Be war I hait the not.

It was my Fatheris will
That I suld tak the cure,
For to cum downe in eirth the till,
And tak thy vyle nature.
To cleith my precious body pure,
Sa clene from sin and spot,
For lufe of the I mak the sure
Be war I hait the not.

I fand the loist from blis
Throw Adamis sin and pleid:
And quha sa euer wrocht the mis
was nane culd find remeid
Quhill I my self did chose the deid
To saue the from the pot,
I lufe the weill serue me in dreid
Be war I hait the not.

For all the grenous sorrowis sair,
I sufferit and paine,
To my reward I ask no moir,
Bot thy trew lufe againe
I am ane husband man but weir
Quhilk labours for my lot,
[illegible] the weill I mak the sure,
Be war I hait the not.

My zock

My Zock is wounder ſweit,
And als my burding licht.
All that be with my grace repleit:
Sall go the way full richt.
I am the rute of all mercy,
Quhilk neuer ſall faid nor rot:
Sen nane the luiffit ſa weill as I,
Be war I hait the not.

All ze that ſair dois thrift,
Throuch wrukilnes of the fleſche,
Cum vnto me, quhen that ze lift,
I ſall zour ſaulis refreſche.
Call vpon me and I ſall heir,
And ſaif the from the ſchot,
I lufe the weill I coſt the deir,
Be war I hait the not.

Attend and tak gude keip,
To thame that cumis to the,
In to the habite of ane ſheip.
With ſubtell Seremonis ſle.
For doutles than war inwartlie,
Fals wolfis vnder cot,
Renunce thair Lawis and cum to me,
Trewlie I hait the not.

Na man ſall cum to me,
Except my Father him drawe.
Nor ſe my Father in heuin ſa hie,
Bot be me and my Law.
Quhairfoir o man prent in thy mynde,
Thir wordis and this knot,

And wirk as my word dois the bind,
Be war I hait the not.

FINIS.

GREVOVS is my ſorrow.
Baith euin and morrow,
Vnto my ſelf allone:
Thus Chriſt makis his mone,
Saying vnkyndnes hes keillit me,
And put me to this paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

My Father was ſa mouit,
And with mankynde ſa greuit,
Man was ſa wylde and nyce,
And rageing in all vyce,
That diſtroyit he ſuld be:
Than for man I tuke paine,
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

Than furthwith for his ſaik,
I did his nature tak,
With in ane Virgin pure,
As ſchawis my Scripture,
Quhais vnkyndnes dois kill me,
And puttis me to greit paine,
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

Quhen I was bot ane Chylde,
With my Mother, maiſt mylde,

The

The Jewis did me diſpyſe,
And euer mair ſurmyſe,
with vnkyndenes to kill me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

Thay lykit nocht my leuing,
Playing, talking, nor reprouing,
For quhen that thay did ſleip,
Than did I ſich and weip,
That vnkyndnes ſuld keill me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Than at the laſt thay tuke me,
And all my freindis forſuke me,
Bot my deir mother allone,
And my couſing Sanct Johne,
Till vnkyndnes had killit me,
And put me to this paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine,

Firſt I was betin lang,
with ſcurgis ſcharp and ſtrang,
And as ane fule mockit,
Euill totcheit and rockit
Till vnkyndnes ſuld keill me,
And put me to that paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
I thocht nocht to refraine,

Than to ane Croce on hie,
Thay nalit my bodie,
And syne betwene twa theifis,
Thay did me mony greuis,
Till vnkyndnes did keill me,
And put me to greit paine,
Allace quhat remedie,
I thocht nocht to refraine.

And quhen I waxit dry,
And for drink lang did cry,
My comfort was bot small,
To sup the bitter gall,
With vnkyndnes thay seruit me.
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Thus had I neuer rest,
Bot with panis opprest,
And with ane speir full scharp
Thay peirsit my tender hart,
Sa that vnkindnes, killit me,
And put me to greit paine:
Allace quhat remedie,
For I wald nocht refraine.

For this my greit kyndnes,
Me think, of richt doutles,
Mannis Saule suld luse me best,
Sen it my deid hes drest,
Quhais vnkyndnes hes killit me,
And put me to this paine:

Allace

Allace quhat remedie.
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Gif ony ane be heir,
That will by life ſa deir,
Nocht with ſiluer, nor gold,
Bot with my blude beholde,
Thy vnkyndnes man hes ſlaine me
And put me to this paine:
Behald this piteous body
Thus moſte vnkyndlie ſlaine.

O man quhome I creat,
Quhy art thow ſa ingrait,
Seing how I am ſpilt,
All onlie for thy gilt,
And with vnkyndnes dois kill me,
And put me to this paine,
Zit all thy vylanie,
Can nocht mak me refraine.

Quhat ſorrow cuid me moir,
Thau to ſuffer ſo ſoir,
Of them that knew my Lawis
And wiſt I gaue na cauſe
Vnkyndely thus to kill me,
And put me to ſic paine
Allace quhat remedie
Zit wald I nocht refraine.

Father forgiue Cayphas,
Pylate, Anna, and Judas,
Pardone all Jurie

That cryit Crucifige.
Thocht vnkyndelie thay ſlew me,
And put me to this paine:
Zit thair was na remeoie
Foꝛ I will nocht refraine.

My Saull in thy handis fre,
My laſt will ſall be,
O father I commit
Into thy handis my Spꝛeit,
Thocht vnkyndely I die,
And am put to greit paine:
Zit foꝛ mannis remedie
I ſall ryſe vp againe.

I leue in Teſtament,
My body in Sacrament,
Foꝛ mannis Saull to ſupꝑoꝛt.
And be his cheif comfoꝛt.
Thocht man vnkyndely haue left me,
And ſlew me with greit paine:
Thair is na remedie
My hart will nocht refraine.

So hart I the bequyeth
To hir that was my deith,
Mannis Saull is ſcho trewlie
My hart hir hart ſall be,
Thocht ſcho maiſt vnkyndely ſlew me,
And put me to greit paine:
Zit thair is na remedie
My hart will nocht refraine.

The

The laudes of the Lord trewlie
Ze may ſing mirrylie:
For all our Saulis health
In Euerlaſting wealth
Thocht vnkyndelie ze ſlew my bodie
And did put me to paine:
Ze may perſaue daylie
My luke dois nocht refraine.

My Tumbe is freſhe and new,
In ſauing I was trew:
To put mankynde fra doue,
Thair ſall be writtin about,
The Jewis king heir dois ly,
Quhome vnkyndenes hes ſlaine
And ſocht na remedie,
For he wald nocht refraine.

O Father Imperiall,
I pray the in ſpeciall
My death mannis Saull forgiue,
In heuin with me to liue,
Thocht vnkyndely ſcho killit me
I wald ſcho had na paine
For I had rather die.
For hir ſaik anis againe.

¶Ane gentill admonitioun of Chriſt.

All pepill leirne of me,
Gentilnes and pietie
Remember my ſober bodie,
Sa woundit and bludie

Kill na man vnkyndelie
With sclander nor with paine:
Amend zour faultis daylie
And from all vice refraine.

FINIS.

IOHNE cum kis me now,
Iohne cum kis me now,
Iohne cum kis me by and by
And mak no moir adow.
The Lord thy God I am
That Iohne dois the call,
Iohne representit man
Be grace Celestiall:
For Iohne (Goddis grace it is)
(Quha list till expone the same)
Och Iohne thow did amis
Quhen that thow loist this name,
Heuin and eirth of nocht
I maid them for thy saik
For euer moir I thocht
To my lykenes the mak.
In Paradice I plantit the
And maid the Lord of all,
My creatures not forbidding the,
Na thing bot ane of all.
Thus wald thow not obey
Nor zit follow to my will
Bot did cast thy selt away
And thy posteritie spill.
My iustice condempnit the
To euerlasting paine
Man culd find na remedie

To by man fre againe.
O pure lyfe, and meir mercy,
Myne awin Sone downe I send,
God become man for the.
For thy sin his lyfe did spend.
Thy attonement, and peace to mak,
He sched his blude, maist halie,
Suffering deith for thy saik.
Quhat culd he do moir for the?
It plesit Christ without deffart,
For his Enemie to die,
Suffering a speir to peirs his hart,
The caus was thy folie.
Beleue this, repent thy sin,
His deith haue euer in mynde,
Remissioun of sin lyis only thairin,
To thy Lord be neuer vnkynde.
Quhen he ascendit left him behind,
His word to reid and heir,
Quhen Antichrist wald the blind,
That thow suld gine him na eir.
Bot quhen Sathan was lowsit out of hell
And had set man in my place,
All that he did thow thocht it weill
At him thow socht for grace.
Nathing regarding how of me,
Allthing had thair Creatioun:
Noȝit quhat Christ sufferit for the
To redeme the from dampnatioun.
Bot the abhommnatioun of desolatioun,
Thow settis in the haly place,
Be Antichristis fals perswasioun
My Sonnis passioun to deface.

Quhairfoir my Iuſtice mouit me
My word fra the reſtraine,
And to thy luſt to giue vp the,
To traiſt in thingis vaine.
In mannis warkis then did thow traiſt,
Seiking helth thow wiſt not quhair,
At thy deith thow did miſtraiſt
And ſa fell in diſpair.
Quhen I did draw nyr to me,
My Goſpell to profes:
Thow did them flay richt cruellie
Thinkand to do me ſeruice.
Thy ſeruice ſall rewardit be,
With Euerlaſting paine,
And all that hait my word and me
Except thay do abſtene.
Thus quhen thow was in dangerous caſe
Reddy to ſink in hell,
Of my mercy and ſpeciall grace,
I ſend the my Goſpell.
My Prophetis call, my Preicheouris cry
Iohne cum kis me now,
Iohne cum kis me by and by,
And mak no moir adow.
Ane Spreit I am incorporate,
Na mortall Ey can me ſe,
Yit my word dois intimate
Iohne how thow muſt kis me.
Repent thy Sin vnfenzeitlie,
Beleue my promeis in Chriſtis deith,
This kis of faith will iuſtifie the
(As my Scripture plainely ſaith.)
Mak na delay cum by and by

Quhen

Quhen that I do the call,
Leſt deith do ſtryke the ſuddanelie,
And ſa cum nocht at all.
Bif thow cum nocht, quhill thow hes ſpace
Bot my Goſpell dois contempne,
I will tak from the my grace,
And my wozd will the condempne.
Of all that cum I will none reiect,
Na creature greit noz ſmall:
Foz Chriſtis ſaik I will them accept,
And giue them lyfe Eternall,
FINIS.

¶In te Domine ſperaui. Pſal. xxxj.

LORD let me neuer be confoundit,
That firmely do confyde in the:
Bot let thy Juſtice ay be groundit
With mercy to delyuer me.

Inclyne thine reuthfull eiris in tyme
To me that am in miſerie:
And from all ſozt of ſin and cryme,
Thow bliſſit Lozd delyuer me.

Be my defendar God of grace,
My gyde, my gouernour all thze,
And in thy heuinlie dwelling place,
Of all refuge thow ſuccour me.

Foz ſen thow art my ſtrenth and lozd,
My hope, ſuppozt, and haill ſupplie:
Be thy ſweit Name, and deid on Croce

Thow sall vpbring and nourishe me.

Thow sall me gyde from gyrne and snair,
And bydein secrett quhair nane may se
For thow art keipar lait and air
Protectour and defence of me.

My Spreit I rander in thy handis
Eternall God of veritie:
Quhilk dois from bailfull Baliallis bandis
Redemit and delyuerit me.

FINIS.

GO hart vnto the Lamp of licht,
Go hart, do seruice and honour
Go hart and serue him day and nicht
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

Go hart to thy oulie remeid,
Descending from the heuinlie Tour:
The to delyuer from pyne and deid,
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

Go hart but dissimulatioun,
To Christ that tuke our vyle nature:
For the to suffer passioun
Go hart vnto my Sauiour.

Go hart richt humbill and meik,
Go hart as leill and trew Seruitour,
To him that heill is for all seik
Go hart vnto my Sauiour.

Go hart

Go hart with trew and haill intent
To Chriſt thy help and haill ſuccour,
The to redeme he was all tent
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

To Chriſt that rais from deith to lyme
Go hart vnto my latter houre:
Quhais greit mercy can nane diſcryue
Go hart vnto thy Sauiour.

FINIS.

OVR brother let vs put in graue,
And na dout thairof let vs haue
Bot he ſall ryſe on Domſday
And haue immortall lyfe for ay.

He is of eird, and of eird maid,
And mon returne to eird throw deid
Syne ryſe ſall fra the eird and ground,
Quhen that the laſt Trumpet ſall ſound.

The Saull regnis with God in gloir,
And he ſall ſuffer paine no moir
For caus his faith was conſtantlie
In Chriſtis bludc allanerlie.

His painefull pilgramage is paſt
And till ane end cummin at the laſt,
Deand in Chriſtis zock full ſweit
Bot zit is leuand in his Spreit.

The Saull leuis with God I ſay,

The body ſleipis quhill Domiſday,
Then Chriſt ſall bring them baith to gloir
To Ring with him for euer moir.

Inteird he hes veratioun
Bot now he hes Saluatioun:
Ringand in gloir and blis but weir,
And ſchynis as the Sone ſa cleir.

Ze faithfull thairfoir let him ſleip,
And nocht lyke Heithin for him weip:
Bot deiply prent into zour breiſt,
That deid to vs approchis neiſt.

Quhen cummin is our hour and tyme,
Then we mon turnit be in flyme:
And thair is nane vther defence
Bot die in hope with patience.

Thocht Peſt or ſword, wald vs preuent,
Befoir our hour to ſlay vs clene,
Thay can nocht pluke ane lytill hair
Furth of our heid, nor do vs deir.

Quhen fra this warld to Chriſt we wend,
Our wretchit ſchorte lyfe won haue end
Changeit fra paine and miſerie,
To leſtand gloir Eternallie.

And ſall our dayis ſchort and vaine,
And ſin quhilk we could not refraine,
Endit ſalbe our pilgramage,
And bocht hame to our heritage.

Chriſt

Christ for thy micht and celsitude,
That for our sinnis sched thy blude,
Grant vs in Faith, to leue and die,
And syne resaue our Saulis to the.

FINIS.

MVSING greitlie in my mynde,
The folie that is in mankynde,
Quhilk is sa brukill and sa blind,
And downe sall cum downe ay downe ay.

Leuand maist part in all vice,
Nouther sa gracious, nor sa wyse,
As out of wretchitnes to ryse,
Bot downe to cum downe ay downe ay.

And all this warld to weild thow had,
Thy body perfit and properlie maid,
Fit man, as floure, thow sall faid,
And downe thow sall cum downe ay.

Thocht thow war euer Eternall,
As man that neuer suld haue ane fall,
Fit doutles die thow sall,
And downe sall cum downe ay downe ay.

Thocht thow war man neuer sa thrall
Remember zit that die thow sall,
Quha hiest clymmis gettis greitest fall,
And downe sall cum downe ay downe ay.

Thocht thow war neuer of sa greit degre,
In riches nor in dignitie,

Remember man that thow man die,
And downe sall cum downe ay downe ay.

Thair is na king, nor Empreour,
Duke, nor Lord, of great valure,
Bot he sall fald as leiy floure,
And downe sall cum downe ay downe ay.

Quhair is Adam, and Eue his wyfe,
And Hercules, with his lang tryfe,
And Marcullatem with his lang lyfe,
Thay all ar cum downe ay downe ay.

FINIS.

PRAY God for grace, my luke maist deir
Quhilk bocht vs with his precious blude
That we him luke with hart intcir
In welth and want, be land and flude.

Ask and haue (sayis the Lord)
Als geue and geuin sall be to zow,
Quhat sweitar thing may we record,
Nor thy word Christ firmelie to trow.

Traist we alswa, baith air and lait,
with faithfull hope and esperance,
we sall resaue efter our estait,
All Just desyre, but discrepance.

Thairfoir I think we suld reioyis,
And now greit myrthis mak from the splene,
Sen we ar chosin to repois,
In faith of Christ, and lyfe serene.

Christ

Chriſt our onlie ſuccour in aſtres,
In till his grace, quha dois confyde,
His grace till him will ay incres,
Quhen warldlie traiſt will faill at neid.

FINIS.

DOWNE be zone Riuer Iran,
Downe be zone Riuer Iran,
Thinkand on Chriſt ſa fre
That brocht me to libertie
And Iane ſinfull man.

Quha ſuld be my luſe bot he,
That hes onlie ſauit me,
And be his deith me wan:
On the Croce ſa cruellie,
He ſched his blude aboundantlie,
And all for the luſe of man.

How ſuld we thank that Lord,
That was ſa mileritord,
Be quhome all grace began:
With cruell paine and ſmart,
He was peirſit throw the hart,
And all for the luſe of man.

That gaue him in the Iewis handis,
To bref bailfull Baliallis bands,
Firſt quhen he began:
Thair gaue him ſelf to die,
To mak vs Catiues fre,
Remember ſinfull man.

Thay spittit in his face,
All for our luſe, allace,
That Lord he ſufferit than:
The cruell hanis of deid,
Quhilk was our haill remeid,
Remember Sinfoll man.

Loue we that Lord allone,
Quhilk deit on the throne,
Our Sinnis to refraine:
Prayſe him with all our micht,
Sing till him day and nicht,
The gloir of God and man.

Do all that thow art abill,
Zit thow art vnprofitabill,
Do all that thow can:
Except thow weſchin be,
With Chriſtis blude allauerlie,
Thow art condampnit man.

And ſa I mak ane end,
Chriſt grant vs all to kend,
And ſteidfaſt to remaine:
In to Chriſtis paſſioun,
Our onlie Saluatioun,
And in naue vther man.

FINIS.

WITH heuie hart full of diſtres,
Lamenting my greit ſinfulnes,
To the O Lord quha may me cure,
Haue reuth on me thy Creature.

The

The ſeiknes that is in my fleſche,
Thow may it Lord allone depeſche,
And purge it clene and mak it pure:
And ſaue me thy Creature,

For in this ſeiknes I was borne.
And my forbearis me beforne.
Our ſeiknes on thy back thow bure.
To ſaue me Lord, thy Creature.

This ſeiknes Lord it is the Sin,
That I was borne and gottin in,
Proceiding of my vyle nature,
Zit ſaue me ſinfull Creature.

Thow may me ſaue, thow may me ſpill,
Baith lyfe, and deid, lyis in thy will,
Thow art the Chirurgiane ſure,
That haillis all eirdlie Creature.

Lord thair is na Saluatioun,
Bot in thy bliſſit Paſſioun,
As witnes beiris the trew Scripture,
Thow ſaifis all eirdlie Creature.

And for the ſame to mak remeid,
Thow ſuffeirit nocht to ſuffer deid,
And mekill mair thow did indure,
To ſaue thy ſinfull Creature.

To the O Lord, thairfoir I call,
For thy remeid, and euer ſall,
Quhill I be laid in Sepulture.

To ſaue thy ſinfull Creature,

For all the trubill and the paine,
I neuer wrocht ſa gude againe,
Bot was vnthankfull ſeruiture.
Haue reuth on me thy Creature.

Swa onlie thow, gude Lord of peace,
I me ſubmit into thy grace,
For of my ſeiknes, thow may me cure.
And ſaue thy ſinfull Creature.

FINIS.

WELCVM Lord Chriſt, welcum againe,
My Joy, my conſort, and my blis,
That cuid me ſaue from hellis paine:
Bot onlie thow nane was nor is.

Thairfoir I may richt baldly ſay.
Geue Chriſt the quhilk hes me redieſt,
Be on my ſyde quhilk hes done pay,
My ranſoun quha can me molieſt.

Sen Chriſt now hes, maid me at one,
With God the Father, and did die,
To mak me Juſt, to gloir is gone,
Than quhat ar thay can condampne me.

Was neuer nane to me mair kynde,
Nor Chriſt, thairfoir I will him pryſe,
Onlie with Saule, body, and mynde
My hope and traiſt, haill in him lyis.

Bot

¶O Christ quhilk art the lycht.

Bot that quhilk Scripture hes expreſſit,
Ane Sacrifice. Chriſt anis thairfoir,
Offerit to God, quhilk ſmellit beſt,
For my treſpas I ſeik no moir.

My part is than, from Sin to reis,
And cleik to Chriſt, quhilk hes ſuppreſſ,
Sin, deith, and hell, and maid my peace,
Throw Faith, in him that I micht reſt.

FINIS.

O CHRIST quhilk art the licht of day,
The clude of nicht throw dryuis away,
The beame of glore beleuit richt,
Schawand till vs thy perfyte licht.

This is na nycht as naturall.
Nor zit na cloud Materiall:
That thow expellis (as I heir ſay)
O Chriſt quhilk art the licht of day.

This nicht I call Idolatrie,
The cloude ouirſpred Hypocriſie,
Send from the Prince of all vnricht
O Chriſt for till obſcure thy licht.

Quhilk twa hes had dominioun
Lang leidand to diſtructioun
The maiſt part of this warld aſtray
Fra Chriſt quhilk is the licht of day.

Turnand till Goddis Inſinite,
Puttand thair hope, and thair delyte,

In wardis, inuentit with the slicht,
Of Sathan, contrair to thy licht.

Sum makis Goddis of stok and staine,
Sum makis God of Sanctis baine,
Quhilk war thay leuand, heir, wald say,
Idolateris, do way do way.

To vs gif nouther laud, nor gloir,
O fulis gif ze speir quhairfoir,
We had na thing throw our awin micht,
Bot all we had, throw Christ our licht.

To that exempill sall be Paull,
At Listra, quha refuslit all,
Maner of gloir, and this did say,
Geue gloir to Christ, the licht of day.

Geue nane till vs, we ar bot men,
Mortall as ze, zour selfis may ken,
O fulis quhairfoir tak ze flycht,
Rinnand fra Christ, the perfite licht.

Sum makis Goddis of Freiris Caip,
Thay monstouris mot in gallous gaip,
For thay haue led vs lang astray,
Fra Christ, quhilk is the licht of day.

Sum mumlit aueis, sum crakit Creidis,
Sum makis Goddis of thair beidis,
Quhilk wait nocht quhat thay sing nor say,
Allace this is ane wrangous way.

FINIS.

WITH

WITH huntis vp, with huntis vp,
It is now perfite day,
Iesus our King, is gane in hunting
Quha lykis to speid thay may.

Ane cursit Fox, lay hid in Rox,
This lang and mony ane day,
Deuouring scheip, quhill he micht creip,
Nane micht him schaip away.

It did him gude to laip the blude,
Of zoung and tender lammis,
Nane culd he mis, for all was his,
The zoung anis with thair dammis.

The hunter is Christ, that huntis in haist,
The hundis at Peter, and Paull,
The Nip is the Fore, Rome is the Rox,
That rubbis vs on the gall,

That cruell beist he neuer ceist,
Be his vsurpit power,
Under dispens, to get our pennеis.
Our Saulis to deuoir.

Quha culd deuyse, sic merchandis,
As he had thair to sell,
Qules it war proud Lucifer,
The greit master of hell.

He had to sell the Tantonie bell,
And pardonis thair in was,
Remissioun of sinnis, in auld scheip skinnis,

Our Saulis to bring from grace.

With bullis of leid, quhyte wax, and reid,
And vther quhylis with grene.
Closit in ane box, this vsit the For.
Sic peltrie was neuer sene.

With dispensatiounis, and obligatiounis,
Accoyding to his Law,
He wald dispens, for money from hence,
With thame he neuer saw.

To curs and ban, the sempill pure man,
That had nocht to sle the paine,
Bot quhen he had payit all to ane myte,
He mon be obsolut than.

To sum God wot he gaue tot quot,
And vther sum pluralitie,
Bot first with pennels, he mon dispens,
Or ellis it will nocht be.

Kingis to marie, and sum to tarie,
Sic is his power and micht,
Quha that hes gold, with him will he hold,
Thocht it be contrair all richt.

O blissit Peter, the Fore is ane lier,
Thow knawis weill it is nocht sa,
Quhill at the last, he salbe downe cast
His peltrie Pardonis and all.

FINIS.

BANEIST

¶Baneist is Faith. 135

BANEIST is faith now euerie quhair,
And lair forthinkis me:
Baneist is faith now euerie quhair
Be the schame sort I zow declair,
Allace thairfoir my hart is sair
And blyith I can nocht be.

Quhair we war wount to go richt glaid,
Furth of captiuitie,
Quhair we war wount to go richt glaid.
Now haue thay vs with chargis ouer laid,
Quhilk bene sa dampnabill, and sa sad.
That blyith we can nocht be.

Thay keip the key from vs allace,
Quhairby enter suld we.
Thay keip the key from vs allace,
And puttis vs downe all mercyles
We ar ouerthrawin in euerie place,
That blyith we can nocht be.

Ryse vp I pray the now sweit Lord,
And from thair crueltie.
Ryse vp I pray the now sweit Lord,
Defend vs according to thy word
Or we sall perische be fyre, and sword,
That shawis the veritie.

FINIS.

MVSING greitlie in my mynde,
The cruell Kirkmen in thair kynde.
Quhilk bene indurit and sa blind,
And trowis neuer to cum downe.

Thocht thow be Pape or Cardinall,
Sa heich in thy Pontificall
Resist thow God that creat all,
Than downe thow sall cum downe,

Thocht thow be Archebischop, or Deane,
Chantour, Chanllar, or Chaplane,
Resist thow God, thy glour is gaine,
And downe thow sall cum downe.

Thocht thow flow in Philosophie,
Or graduate in Theologie
Fit and thow syle the veritie.
Than downe thow sall cum downe.

Thocht thow be of Religioun.
The straitest in all Regioun,
Fit and thow glask or gagioun
The treuth, thow sall cum downe.

Quhair is Chore, and Abirone?
Jannes, Jambres, and Dathane, becum?
To resist God, quhilk maid thame downe
Ar thay nocht all cumit downe.

And quhair is Balaamis fals counsell,
Quhair is the Prophetis of Jesabell,
And Bellis Preistis, be Daniell,
Downe thay war all brocht downe,

And mony ma I cuid zow schaw,
Quhilk of thair God wald stand na aw,
Bot him resistit and his Law,

And

¶ Muſing greidie in my mynde.
And downe thay ar cum downe.

Thair is na King, nor Empriour,
Erle, nor Duke, of greit valure,
From tyme ze knaw, thair fals Errour,
Bot he ſall pluck thame downe.

Ophni and Phenis, gat na grace,
Hely brak his nek allace,
And his oſpring put fra thair place,
King Salomone put thame downe.

And King Achab and Helyas.
The fals Prophetis diſtroyit hes,
And als the nobill Joſias,
Put all fals Prophetis downe.

Is thair na ma? quhy ſaid I all:
Zit mony thowſand ſall haue ane fall.
Quhilk baldis Chriſten men in thrall.
Princes ſall put thame downe.

wald thay na mair Impunge the treuth,
Syne in thair office be nocht ſleuth,
Than Chriſt on thame ſuld haue ſic reuth,
That thay ſall nocht cum downe.

I pray to God that thay and we,
Obey his word in vnitie,
Throw Faith, wark, and be Cheritie,
And lat vs neuer cum downe.

FINIS.

THE Bischop of Hely brak his neck,
Disherist of his benefice,
Cause he the Preistis wald not correct
Corruptand Goddis Sacrifice,
Sen our Hely in his office,
Is lyke in Preuaricatioun,
He sall ressaue sic lyke Justice,
Mak he nocht reformatioun.

The Leuittis at thair awin hand,
Thay reft thair teind, and mekill mair,
Expres aganis Goddis command,
Thair huredome haitit he richt sair,
Thairfoir God send thame sic cruell weir,
Thay tint the feild the Ark was tane.
Hely fell downe throw suddand feir,
And brak his neck, and coller bane.

Ophni and Phenis, zour conscience remord,
Amend zour lyfe, or in the feild,
Ze salbe slaine, and ze my Lord,
Quhilk hes the wyte that thay ar keild,
Helis Jugement salbe zour beild,
And als zour mortall Ennemeis.
Sall bruke withouttin speir or scheild,
Zour office euin before zour eyis.

For zour abuse may be ane brother,
To Tharis als lyke in similitude.
As euer ane eg was lyke ane vther
Of Goddis word baith destitude.
And greit God of Sanctitude,
Quhais power hes nocht tane ane end.

Sall

Hall ſend with that ſame fortitude,
Sicklyke to zow except ze mend.

All the exempillis of the Law,
Ar writtin with greit diligence,
Foꝛ our ſaikis, that me ſtand aw,
Of Goddis hie Magnificence,
Of this we haue experience,
Of diuers Nationis, round about,
Foꝛ Inglis Prelatis Duche, and Dence,
Foꝛ thair abuſe ar rutit out.

Reformе in tyme, leue zour tyrannie,
Firſt mend zour lyfe, ſyne leirne to preiche,
Thocht wage our Freiris ſame wald lie,
The treuth will furth, and will nocht leiche,
Foꝛ euerie man doig vther teiche,
And countis nocht zour crueltie,
Except ze mend, I will nocht fleiche,
Ze ſall end all miſchcuouſlie.

FINIS.

I AM wo foꝛ thir wolfis ſa wylde,
Quhilk neuer will conuert,
Thair fais indurit hart,
Sa lang the warld thay haue begylde,
And baneiſt vs from Jeſus Chriſt.

Greit cauſe thay haue foꝛ till repent,
Zit will thay nocht do ſo,
Nowther foꝛ weill noꝛ wo,
Thair blindit mynde can nocht conſent,
That we ar onlie ſanit be Chriſt.

Thair subtill slychtis, now ar spyit,
Be Christ the veritie:
Thair fals Hypocresie,
Throw all the warld, is now outtrypit.
Quhairwith thay baneist vs fra Christ.

Thay brint, and herryt Christen men,
And slemit thame full far.
And said thay did bot erre.
That spak of the Commandementis ten,
Or red the word of Jesus Christ.

Heretykis thay bid vs call,
Cursand vs nicht and day,
The treuth durst na man say.
Trew Preichouris war forbiddin all,
To schaw the word of Jesus Christ.

Thay baneist thame in vncouth land,
Full mony hunder myle,
Quhair thay in thair exile.
Leirnit better till vnderstand,
The trew word of Jesus Christ.

Nobill Lordis of greit renowne,
That fauouris the treuth,
On zour Saulis haue reuth,
And put thir Antichristis downe,
Quhilk wald suppres the word of Christ.

Vnder cullour of commounweill,
Thair cloikit subtelitie,
And with greit cruelitie,

Ester

Efter thay think to slay and keill,
All that confes the word of Christ.

For sa thay think to bleir zour E,
And syne at zow to hount,
And do as thay war wount,
And will exerce thair Tyrannie
On zow, and all that luiffis Christ.

Scotland was neuer, in harder case,
Sen Fergus first it wan,
The Preistis we may sair ban:
Quhilk hes the wyte, that brak the peace,
For to put downe the word of Christ.

Ane hundreth thousand thay wald se,
Zockit in till ane feild,
Under thair speir and scheild,
Bot with the wy fis thay wald be,
At hame to smoir the word of Christ.

Defend na maie thir wolfis sa wylde,
Sa full of cruelnes,
Thair clolkit halynes,
Baith men and wyfis, sa lang hes sylde,
And ar the verray Antichristis.

FINIS.

ALLACE vnkyndlie Christ, we haue exilit
And of thair fude his flock we haue begilit
with vanities, we haue thame lang delu-
And in fals beleif, hes thame includit, (dit,
And euer this was the blating of our queir,

Fatheris of haly kirk this fyue hunder zeir.

The water of lyfe we gaue them neuer to drink
Bot stinkand pulis of euerie rottin synk.
For haly Scripture allutterlie we haue mockit
And with traditionis of mē we haue them zockit
And euer this was the blating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly kirk this. fyv. hunder zeir.

Man befoir God, sa lang we haue preferrit,
Quhill we se now almaist that all is marrit,
And God him self is grevit and displesit,
And we thairby ar bot lytill easit,
Althocht it be the blating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly kirk this. fyv. hunder zeir.

Our blind desyris sen we may nocht fulfill,
Welcum gude Lord, fall fair aganis our will,
Zit nocht the les we sall do as we may,
And efter this, luke for ane better day.
And zit salbe the bating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly kirk this. fyv. hunder zeir.

We knaw as did King Saull our fatell fall,
Zit, quhill we die, Dauid persew we sall,
Suppose we suld wrack our self, and tyne,
The feild, and all our kin. be hangit fyne,
Zit sall it be, the blating of our queir,
Fatheris of haly kirk this. fyv, hunder zeir.

Lat Moses preiche, to Pharao as he lykis,
Zit sall the pepill be tormentit lyke tykis,
And neuer depart from Egypt (gine we may)

We

we ſalbe cruellelt on the hinmeſt day.
Quhen we ar drownit we ſall blait on our beir
Fatheris of haly Kirk this. xv. hunder zeir.

O cankerit carlonnis, and o ze rottin ſtakis,
O ſkangand Edderis, and o ze poyſound ſnakis
Sen ze will not change, zour mdurit will,
Knawand zour fault, zit will continew ſtill,
Sing on guk guk, the blating of zour queir,
Fals fatheris of haly Kirk this, xv. hunder zeir.

FINIS.

OF the fals fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane ſponk:
Thairfoir ſayis, Bedde, wayis me,
Bone is Preiſt, Freir, and Monk.

The reik ſa wounder deir thay ſolde,
For money gold, and landis,
Quhill bane the riches on the molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair handis.

Thay knew na thing bot couetice,
And luſe of Paramontis:
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

At Corpſpreſence thay wald ſing,
For ryches, to ſlokkin the fyre:
Bot all pure folk that had na thing
was ſkaldit baine and lyre.

Zit ſat thay heich in Parliament,

Lyke Lordis of greit renowne:
Quhill now that the new Teſtament
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

And thocht thay fuffe at it, and blaw,
Ay quhill thair bellyis tyne:
The mair thay blaw, full weill thay knaw,
The mair it dois miſthrywe.

FINIS.

WO is the Hirdis of Iſraell,
That feidis nocht Chriſtis flock.
Bot daintelie thay feid thaime ſelf,
Syne dois the peipill mock.

The ſyllie ſcheip was all forlorne,
And was the woifis pray:
The hirdis reindit all the corne,
The ſcheip cuid get na ſtray.

Thay gadderit vp baith woll and milk,
And tuke na mair cure,
Bot cled thame with the coſtlie ſylk,
And ſiclyke cled thair hure.

Thairfoir ſayis God, I will requyre
My ſcheip furth of thair handis:
And gyue thame hirdis at my deſyre,
To teiche thame my commandis.

And thay ſall nouther feid them ſelf,
Nor zit hounger my ſcheip:
I ſall them from my Kirk expell,

And

And geue thame ſwyne to keip.

FINIS.

GOD ſend euerie Preiſt ane wyfe,
And euerie Nunne ane man,
That thay nicht leue that haly lyfe,
As firſt the Kirk began.

Sanct Peter, quhome nane can reprufe,
His lyfe in Mariage led,
All gude Preiſtis quhome God did luſe,
Thair maryit wyfis had.

Greit cauſe than, I grant had thay,
Fra wyfis to refraine:
Bot greiter cauſis haue thay may,
Now wyfis to wed againe.

For than ſuld nocht ſa mony h[illegible]
Be vp and do[illegible] this land:
Nor zit ſa mo[illegible]ggeris pure,
In Kirk and mercatſtand.

And nocht ſa mekill baſtard ſeid,
Throw out this cuntrie ſawin,
Nor gude men, vncouth fry ſuld feid,
And all the ſuith war knawin.

Sen Chriſtis law and commouns lawis,
And Doctouris will admit,
That Preiſtis in that zouth ſuld marie,
Quha dar ſay contrair it.

FINIS.

THE wind blawis cauld, furious and bauld,
This lang and mony day:
But Chriſtis mercy, we man all die,
Or keip the cauld wind away.

This wind ſa keine, that I of meine,
It is the ryte of auld,
Our faith is incluſit, and plainelie abuſit,
This wind hes blawin to cauld.

This wind hes blawin lang, the pepill amang
And blindit hes thair wit,
The Ignorant pepill, ſa lawit bene and febill,
That thay wat nocht quhome to wyte.

Goddis word and lawis, ye pepill miſknawis
Na credence hes the Scripture:
Quha the ſuith dois inſer Preiſtis ſay thay erre
Sic bene thair buſie cure.

Quha dois preſent, the new Teſtament,
Quhilk is our Faith ſurelie,
Preiſtis callis him lyke, ane Heretyke,
And ſayis tryue faith he be.

This cryis on hie, the Spiritualitie,
As nane thame ſuld deſy:
Bot thair Illuſioun, and fals abuſioun.
The pepill dois now eſpy.

Quha ne ſuld we wyte, of this diſpyte,
That bid fra vs god dis Law,
Bot Preiſtis and clerkis, and thair euill warkis
Quhilk

Quhilk dois thair God mis knaw.

Thair greit extortioun, and plaine oppressiō,
Ascendis in the air:
Without God puneis, thair cruell vyce,
This warld sall all forfair.

The theif Judas, did greit tresplas,
That Christ for siluer, sauld:
Bot Preistis will tak, and his pryce mak,
Forles be mony fauld.

With wrang absolutiōis, & delaitfull pardonis
For lucre to thame geuin,
Thay blind vs now, and garris vs trow,
Sic will bring vs till heuin.

Giue eirdlie pardonis, micht be our Saluatiōnis,
Than Christ deit in vaine,
Giue geir micht by, Goddis greit mercy,
Than fals is the Scripture plaine.

Syne for our behoir, he deit thairfoir,
And tholit pane for our mis:
Is nane bot he, that may surelie,
Bring vs to heuinnis blis.

Than be na way, se that ze pray,
To Peter, James, nor Johne,
Nor zit to Paule, to saue zour Saule
For power haue thay none.

Bane Christ onlie, that deit on tre,

He may baith louse and bind:
In vtheris mo, geue ze traist so,
On zow blawis cauld the wind.

Now se ze pray, baith nicht and day,
To Chryst that bocht vs deir;
For on the Rude, he sched his blude,
To saue our Saulis but weir.
FIAT.

HAY now the day dallis,
Now Chryst on vs callis,
Now welth on our wallis,
Apperis anone:
Now the word of God Regnis,
Quhilk is King of all Kingis,
Now Chrystis flock singis,
The nicht is neir gone.

Wo be vnto zow Hypocritis,
That on the Lord sa loudlie leis,
And all for to fill zour foule belleis.
Ze ar nocht of Chrystis bride nor bone,
For ze preiche zour awin dremis,
And sa the word of God blasphemis,
God wat sa weill it semis,
The nicht is neir gone.

Wo be to zow Phareseus,
That Regnis zit lyke the Capitanis
And baldis Chrystis men in mony panis.
Nicht cairfull is thair mone:
I traist till God ze sall [illegible] it.

Beans

Becaus zour falset is now spyit,
And all Christin men sall cryit,
The nicht is neir gone.

wo be to zow Paip and Cardinall,
I traist to God ze sall get ane fall,
with Monkis, Preistis, and Freiris all
That traistis nocht in God allone:
For all zour greit Pomp and pryde.
The word of God ze sall nocht hyde,
Nor zit till vs na mair be gyde,
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze gart vs trow in stock and stone,
That thay wald help mony one.
And nocht till traist in God allone,
I say ze leit euerie one:
I wat Sanct Peter, nor Sanct Paule,
Nor zit na Sanct can sait zour Saule.
Tyocht mony lesingis mak mony braull,
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze serue to stretchin be with roddis,
Becauſe of Idolis ze mak Goddis,
For all zour Jonkis and zour noddis,
Zour hartis is hard as ony stone.
Ze will nocht leif zour Hypocrisie
Bot zour delytis is ay for to lie,
And the Feind away with zow wald flie,
The nicht is neir gone.

Ze begylit vs with zour bndis,
Schawand zour relykis and zour ruddis,

To pluk fra vs pure men our gudis,
Ze schaw vs the heid of Sanct Johne,
with the arme of Sanct Geill,
To rottin banis ze gart vs kneill,
And sault vs from neck to heill,
The nicht is neir gone.

Requiem eternam sall thay patter,
Befoir the deid with baly watter,
The lawit folkis trowis the heuin will clatter
Thay sing with sic deuotioun.
Ze say that Sanle ze sall gar sanct.
Bot and the monzy war neuer sa scant,
Ane penny of zont wage ze will nocht want,
The nicht is neir gone.

Syne to zow we mon offer,
Pundis and penneis furth of our Coffer
And lay it downe vpon the Alter
Foz the deid of that one.
Anime omnium ze will say,
Syne cast the Cozps into the clay
Than haue ze done all that ze may
Now the nicht is neir gone.

FINIS.

PREISTIS Christ belene,
And onlie traist into his blude,
And not into zour warkis gude,
As plainely Paull can preue.
¶Preistis leirne to preiche
And put away zour Ignozance,
Plain onlie God his word auance,

And

And Chriſtis pepill teiche.
¶Preiſtis cut zour gowne,
Zour nuikit bonet put away
And cut zour tippet into tway.
Go preiche frow towne to towne.
¶Preiſtis tak zour ſtaffe.
And preiche the Euangell on zour feit,
And ſet on Sandellis full meit,
Bot caſt zour Pantounis of.
¶Preiſtis keip na gold
Siluer noꝛ cunze in zour purs.
Noꝛ zit twa coitis with zow turs
Bot ſchonc to keip zow from cold.
¶Preiſtis thoill to preiche,
Sen ze zour ſelfis can preiche nathing
Oꝛ we zour brawling downe ſall bring
And namair with zow fleiche.
¶Preiſtis tak na teind.
Except the woꝛd of God ze ſchaw
Thocht ze alledge zour vſe and Law,
It is nocht as ze weind.
¶Preiſtis tak na Lyis
The vmeſt claith ze ſall quyteclaime,
Fra ſer pure barnis with thair dame,
Auengeance on zow cryis.
¶Preiſtis burne no mo,
Of wrang delatioun ze may byde,
And fals witnes na mair Inquyre
And let abiuring go.
¶Preiſtis all and ſum
Suld call ane counſell generall,
And dres all thingis Spirituall
Bot thair thay will not cum.

¶Preistis reid and wrpte.
And zour fals Cannoun law lat be
Quhair Papis contrair Scripturis lie,
And contrair doctouris byte.
¶Preistis prydc zow nocht.
Quhat zour counsellis hes concludc,
Contrair the writ and Christis bludc,
The quhilk sadein vs bocht:
¶Preistis curs no moir,
And now zour hartis na mair indure,
Bot on zour flockis tak cure:
Or God sall curse zow soir.
¶Preistis leif zour pryde,
Zour skarlat and zour velvote soft,
Zour hors and mulis coistlie cost,
And Jakmen be zour syde.
¶Preistis sobcr be,
And fecht not, nouther boist nor schoir,
Misreule the Realme and court no moir,
And to zour Kirkis fle.
¶Preistis mend zour lyfe,
And leif zour foule Sensualitie,
And vylde stinkand chaistitie,
Ane ilk ane wed ane wyfe.
¶Preistis pray na mair,
To Sanct Anthone to saue thy sow,
Nor to Sanct Wrde to keip thy cow,
That greuis God richt sair.
¶Preistis worschip God,
And put awap zour Imagerie,
Zour Pardonis and fraternitie,
To hell the way and rod.
¶Preistis sell na Wes,

Bot

Bot minister that Sacrament.
As Christ in the new Testament,
Commandit zow expres.
¶ Preistis put away,
Zour painttit fyre of Purgatorie,
The ground of zour Idolatrie,
It is nein domisday.
¶ Preistis change zour tone,
And sing in to zour mother tung,
Inglis Psalmes and ze impunge,
Ze will dyne efter none.
¶ Preistis preik zow men,
And now defend zour libertie,
For France and for zour dignitie,
Ze brak the peace ze ken.
¶ Preistis now confes,
How ze sa lang did vs begyle,
with mony haly bellis wyle,
To leue in Idolnes.
¶ Preistis I zow exhort,
Zour office to do perfyte,
For I say nathing in dispyte,
Sa God mot me support.

FINIS.

¶ Till our gude man, till our gude man,
Keip faith and lufe till our gude man.

FOR our gude man in heuin dois Ring
In gloir and blis without ending
Quhair Angellis singis euer Osan
In laude and prais of our gude man.

Our gude man desyris thre thingis
Ane hart quhair fra contritioun springis,
Syne luse him best, our Saullis that wan,
Quhen we war loist fra our gude man.

And our gude man that euer was kynde,
Requyris of vs ane faithfull mynde
Syne cheritabill be with euerie clan,
For luse only of our gude man.

Zit our gude man requyris moir
To giue na creature his gloir,
And gif we do, do quhat we can
We sall be loist fra our gude man.

And our gude man he promeist sure,
To euerie faithfull Creature
His greit mercy that now or than
Will call for grace at our gude man.

Adame that our foirfather was,
He loist vs all for his trespas
Quhais brukkill banis we may sair ban
That gart vs lois our awin gude man.

Zit our gude man gracious and gude,
For our Saluatioun sched his blude,
Upon the Croce quhair thair began
The mercyfulnes of our gude man.

This is the blude did vs refresche,
This is the blude that mon vs wesche,
The blude that from his hart furth ran

Maid

¶Remember man.

Haid vs fre airis till our gude man.

Now let vs pray baith day and hour
Till Chriſt our onlie Mediatour,
Till ſaue vs on the day that quhen
we ſall be Judgeit be our gude man.

FINIS.

REMEMBER man, remember man,
That I thy Saull from Sathan wan,
And hes done for the that I can
Thow art full deir to me.
Is, was, nor ſall be none
That may the ſaue, bot I alone,
Onlie thairfoir beleue me on
And thow ſalt neuer die.

Wolfis quhowis of my Euangeliſtis wryte
And Saull and Peter did of dyte,
Allace haue zow diſſanit quyte,
with ſals Hypocriſie.
My new Teſtament plaine and gude,
For quhilk I ſched my pretious blude,
Zour only hope and Saulis fude
Thay hald for Heriſie.

And hes ſet vp thair ſals doctrine,
For Conetiſe, in ſteid of mine,
with fyre and ſword defendis it fyne,
Contrair my word and me.
The Antichriſt is cummin but doute
And hes zow trappit round about
Furth of his gryne thairfoir cum out.

Gif ze wald sauit be.

His Pilgramage and Purgatorie
His worschipping of Imagerie
His Pardounis and fraternitie
With zeill and gude Intent
The quhisperit sinnis callit eir Confessioun
With his Preistis mummillit absolutioun
And mony vther fals abusioun
The Paip hes done Inuent.

With Messis sauld be Preist, and Freir,
For land and money wounder deir,
Quhilk is the ground stane of thair queir,
And rute of all thair pryde,
His Pater nosteris, boche and sauld,
His numerat aueis, and Psalmes tauld,
Quhilk my new Testament, nor my auld,
On na wayis can abyde.

Thair half hag matines, fast thay patter,
Thay geue zow dreid, and sellis zow watter,
His cursingis on zow als thay clatter,
Thocht thay can hart zow nocht,
Giue ze will geue thame Caip or Bell,
The clink thairof thay will zow sell,
Suppose the Saule suld ga to hell,
Ze get na thing vnbocht.

Thay sell zow als the Sacramentis seuin,
Thay micht haue maid alwem aleuin,
Few, or mony, od, or euin,
Iour pursis for to pyke,

wald

Wald thay let bot twa vsit be
Of Baptisme, and of my bodie,
As thay war institute be me,
Men wald thame better lyke.

Mariage is ane blissit band,
Quhilk I gaue man in my command,
To keip. bot thay my word withstand,
Ane Sacrament it maid.
Unto thair vther Sacramentis fyue,
Our Saluatioun thay ascryue,
Fra my trew faith zow for to dryue,
In vaine to mak my deid.

Thair tryflis all ar maid be men,
Quhilk my Gospell did neuer ken,
My Law and my commandementis ten,
Thay hid from mennis eine.
My new Testament thay wald keip downe,
Quhilk suld be preichit fra towne to towne,
Cause it wald cut thair lang tatlit [illegible]
And schaw thair lyues vnclene;

And now thay ar with dolour pynde,
And lyke to raige out of thair mynde,
Because fra thame ze ar declynde,
And will na lesingis heir.
Thairfoir thay mak sa greit vproir,
Contrair thy flock of Christis stoir,
Determit. or thay will geue it ouer,
To fecht all into feir.

Bot hald zow at my Testament fast,

And he na quhit of them agast
For I sall bring doun at the last,
Thair pryde and crueltie.
Than cleirly sall my word be schawin,
And all thair falset sall be knawin
That thay into all landis haue sawin
Be thair Idolatrie.

And ze sall leue in rest and peace,
Instructit with my word of grace
For I the Antichrist deface
Sall, and trew Preicheouris send
Repent zour sin with all zour hart,
And with trew faith to me conuert,
And heuinly gloir sall be zour part
With me to bruik but end.

We pray the Iesus Christ our Lord,
Conform our lyues to thy word
That we may liue with ane accord
In perfite Charitie.
And forgiue vs our sinfulnes,
And cleith vs with thy Richteousnes
Of thy fauour and gentilnes
We pray the that so be.

FINIS.

THE Paip that Pagane full of pryde
He hes vs blindit lang.
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na wonder thay ga wrang:
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
Of all Iniquitie.

Hay trix, tryme go trix, vnder the grene. &c.

Bot his abhominatioun,
The Lord hes brocht to licht
His Popische pryde and thrinfald Crowne
Almaist hes loist thair micht.
His plak Pardounis ar bot Lardounis,
Of new found vanitie,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

His Cardinallis hes caus to murne,
His Bischoppis borne aback:
His Abbottis gat ane vncouth turne
Quhen schauelingis went to sack,
With Burges wyfis thay led thair lyfis,
And fure better nor we,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

His Carmelites and Jacobinis,
His Dominiks had greit do
His Cordeleiris and Augustinis
Sanct Frances ordour to,
Thay sillie Freiris, mony zeiris,
With babling blerit our E,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

The Sillieris gray, befoir this day,
Did crune within thair Cloister,
Thay feit ane Freir, thair keyis to beir,
The Feind ressaue the foster,
Syne in the mirk sa weill culd wirk
[illegible] thame wantounlie,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

The blind Bischop, he culd docht preiche,
For playing with the lassis,
The sillie Freir behuffit to fleiche,
For almous that he assis,
The Curat, his Creid, he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the cumpanie,
Hay trix, try me go trix. &c.

The Bischop wald nocht wed ane wyfe
The Abbote not persew ane,
Thinkand it was ane lustie lyfe,
Ilk day to haue ane new ane.
In euerie place, ane vncouth face,
His lust to satisfie,
Hay trix tryme go trix, &c.

The Personn wald nocht haue ane hure.
Bot twa, and thay war bony,
The Vicar (thocht he was pure,)
Behuffit to haue als mony,
The Parcis Preist, that brutall beist,
He polit thame prinelie,
Hap trix, tryme go trix. &c.

Of Scotland weil, the Freiris of Faill,
The lynmerie lang hes lestit.
The Monkis of Melros maid gude kaill,
On Frydayis quhen thay fastit,
The sillie Nunnis cuist vp thair bunnis,
And heilit thair hippis on hie,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

Of last I saw thir lynmar:s stand,

Lyke

Lyke mad men at miſcheif,
Thinking to get the vpper hand,
Thay luke efter releif,
Bot all in vaine, go tell thame plaine,
That day will neuer be,
Hay trix, tryme go trix. &c.

O Jeſus gif thay thocht greit glie,
To ſe Goddis word downe ſmoit,
The Congregatioun maid to flie,
Hypocreſie reſtoir,
With Maſſis ſung, and bellis rung,
To thair Idolatrie.
Marie God thank zow, we ſall gar blank zow
Befoir that tyme trewlie.

FINIS.

SAY weill is, throuchlie a worthy gude thing
Of ſay weill, greit vertew furth dois ſpring,
Say weill, from do weill, differis in lereer.
Say weill is gude, bot do weill is better.

Say weill is repute be man ſum deale,
Bot do weill, onlie to God dois appeale,
Say weill ſayis godlie, and dois mony pleaſe.
Bot do weill leuis godlie, & dois this warld eaſe

Say weill, mony vnto Goddis word cleuis,
Bot for laik of do weill, it quicklie leuis,
Bot gif ſay weil, & do weill war ioynit in a frame
All war done, all war won, gottin war the game

Say weill, in danger of deith is cauld,

Do weill is harneſt and woundrous bauld
Than ſay weill for few ſall trimbill and quaik
Do weill ſall be Jocund and Joly their mak.

Say weill is ſlipper and makis mony wylis
Do weill is ſemely without ony gylis
Quhen ſay weill at ſum tymes ſalbe brocht baſe,
Do weill ſall tryumphe in euerie place.

Say weill to ſilence ſum tyme is bound
Do weill is fre in euerie ſtound,
Say weill hes freindis baith heir and thair
Bot do weill is welcum euerie quhair.

Say weill mony ⁊things in hand dois tak,
Do weill ane end of them dois mak
Quhen ſay weill with mony is quyte downe caſt,
Do weill is truſtie and will ſtand faſt.

Say weill him ſelf will ſum tyme auance,
Bot do weill dois nouther Jet nor paunce,
Bot do weill dois profite this warld moir
Then ſay weill and his, ane hundreth ſcoir.

Say weill in wordis is wondrous trick,
Bot do weill in deidis is nymbill and quick
Lord quick and trick togidder knit
And ſa ſall thay pype ane mirrie fit.

Say weill mony will, thay be ſa kynde,
Bot do weill few will vnto thair freind:
Quhy ſay weill than do weill, I tell zow in deid,
Bot do weill is mair honeſt in tyme of neid.

FINIS.

KNAW

KNAW ze not God Omnipotent
He creat man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his commandement
And eit of the forbiddin tre
Had not that blissit barne bene borne
Sin tō redzes,
Lowzeis zour lynes had bene forlorne
For all zour Mes.

Sen we war all to Sin maid sure,
Throw Adamis Inobedience:
(Saif Christ) thair was na Creature,
Maid Sacrifice for our offence,
Thair is na Sanct may saue zour Saull
Fra ze transgres,
Suppois Sanct Peter and Sanct Paull
Had baith said Mes.

Knawing thair is na Christ bot ane
Quhilk rent was on the Rude with roddis:
Quhy giue ze gloir to stock and stane
In worschipping of vther Goddis,
Thir Idoles that on Alteris standis,
Ar fenzeitnes,
Ze gat not God amang zour handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

And sen na Sanct zour Saull may saue,
Perchance ze will speir at me than:
How may the Paip thir Pardounis haue
with power baith of beist and man:
Throw nathing bot ane fenzeit faith
For halynes,

Inuentit wayis to get thame graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

Of mariage ze maid zow quyte,
Thinking it thaldome to refraine:
Wanting of wpiffis is apperyte,
That curage micht incres againe,
Thay hony lippis ze did perfew.
Bzew gall I ges.
Thinking it was contritioun trew,
To dance ane Mes.

Giue God, was maid of bittis of bzeid,
Bit ze nocht oukkie far oz feuin,
As it had bene ane mortall feid,
Quhill ze had almaift heryit heuin,
Als nony Deuillis, ze man deuoir,
Quhill hell grow ies.
Oz doutles we dar nocht reftoir,
Zow to zour Mes.

Giue God be tranſubſtantiall,
In bzeid with hoc eſt corpus meum,
Quhy war ze ſa vnnaturall:
As tak him in zour teith and ſla him,
Tripaitrit and denydit him.
At zour dum dzes.
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him,
Mumling zour Mes.

Ze partit with dame ponertie,
Tuke propertie to be zour wyfe:
Fra Charitie and Chaſtitie

With

With licharie ze led zour lyfe,
That raiſit the mother of miſcheif
Zour greidynes.
Beleuing ay to get releif
Foꝛ laying Maſs.

O wickit vaine Veneriens.
Ze ar not Sanctis (thocht ze ſeme haly)
Bꝛoude popſonit Epecuriens,
Quhilk had na God bot zour awin bellie,
Beleue ze Lownis the Lorꝛd allowis
Zour Idilnes:
Lang oꝛ the ſweit cum ouir zour bꝛowis
Foꝛ laying Maſs.

Had not zour ſelf begun the weiris,
Zour Stepilis had bene ſtandand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That euer gart Sanct Frances ſit,
Ze grew ſa Superſtitious
In wickitnes
It gart vs grow Malitious,
Contrair zour Maſs.

Our Biſchoppis ar degenerate
Thocht thay be mountit vpon Mulis:
With huredome clene effeminate
And Freiris oft tymes pꝛeuis fulis
Foꝛ Duſtikit and Bodat euin.
Do ſa Incres
Des dꝛeuin ſum of them to teine
Foꝛ all thair Maſs.

Chriſt keip all faithfull Chriſtianis
From peruerſt pryde and Papiſtrie:
God grant thaime trew Intelligens,
Of his law, word, and veritie,
God grant thay may thair lyfe amend,
Syne blis posſes,
Throw faith on Chriſt all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

Sen Mes is na thing ellis to say,
Bot ane wickit Inuentioun,
Without authoritie, or ſtay,
Of Scripture or fundatioun,
Giue Kingis, wald Mes to Rome hence dryue,
With haiſtines,
Suld be the meane to haue belyue,
Ane end of mes.

FINIS.

WAS not Salomon the King,
To miſerie be wemen brocht:
Quhilk wisdome out of frame did bring
Till he maiſt wickitly had wrocht.
A thouſand wemen he did keip,
Allace allace,
Quhilk drownit him in Sin ſa deip,
As come to pas.

was not Paris maiſt wichitlie
Be Venus led to Helenis luſt:
For quhilk ſin and adulterie
The plagues of Troy war efter Juſt:
The ſturdie ſtormis he did Indure

Allace

Allace, allace,
His lusting lyfe was nathing sure.
As come to pas.

Thocht Troylus Cressed did enioy,
As Paris Helene did lykewise:
Zit ienit he not lang in Troy.
Bot that Fortoun did him dispise,
Quha wald then wirk accordinglie
Allace, allace,
Sic plesure bringis Miserie
As come to pas.

Thocht Ouid layne that Leander,
Aduenterit mekill his luke to gaine:
Zit dois the Poet Menander,
Aduertise vs for to refraine,
For lusting lyfe is nathing stayed
Allace, allace,
Ilk man thairfoir may be afrayed
Quhilk is bot gras.

Quhat sall we say to Pyramus,
Sic wretchit wo did him assaill:
His end in deid was doloyns,
Quhen fulische frensie did preuaill
Quhat wise man wald his fact commend
Allace, allace,
Quhilk brocht his lyfe vnto ane end
As come to pas.

Thocht Hercules for Erionie,
A michtie Monster did subdew:

Zit endit he in miserie
Bik Poetis faining may be trew,
Disminsing mate Abderitus:
Allace, allace,
Ane deith sustenit meruellous
As come to pas.

Anaxaretus sum do say,
Entised Iphis outwardlie:
And than withozew hir lufe away
And he him self slew wilfullie
Traist the vntraistie quha that will:
Allace, allace,
Foz sic my self I will not kill
As his lufe was.

Thocht Iupiter transformit him.
Alcumena foz to defile:
The fenzeit Goodis thay scornit him,
Foz lyke offence within a quhyle,
Foz quhen he lay in Venus lap:
Allace allace,
Vulcanus tulie him in ane trap,
As come to pas.

Thus bewtis bzeidis bitternes,
And bringis baill to mony men:
Quha is led be wilfulnes,
Sall feill ehe lozce of bewtie then:
Foz sum being taken in the traine:
Allace allace,
Ar led to penurie and paine,
As come to pas.

Thocht

Thocht Cato Prince of prudent price,
In weithie ſtait did lang remaine,
Zit be the chance of Fortounis dice,
Mekill miſerie he did ſuſtaine.
His weddit wyfe did wirk him wo,
Allace allace,
Mekill mair thir beſtis quhilk cum and go,
Pas and repas.

Tiberius the Empriour,
Be his wyffis greit adulterie:
Loſte his pompe and puiſſant power,
Ending his lyfe in miſerie.
Theis weill thairfoir leiſſ ze do lay:
Allace allace,
Lat thir and vther at this day.
Beas thy glas.

Althocht Marcus Antonius,
Was ſene in Coſmographia:
Zit was his end maiſt doloꝛus,
Be that fals harlot Fauſtina,
Tak heid thairfoir of this be war.
Allace allace,
Be thow not ſnaird in Venus ſnair:
In ony caſe.

Althoche Sextus Tarquinius,
Deflylit chaiſt Lucreſia,
Be and his Father Superbus,
From Rome war baniſchit away,
A Juſt rewaird for ſic offence:
Allace allace,

Lyke punischement for lyke offence
Oft cummis to pas.

Thocht subtill Sardanapalus
A Prince was picht to rewle and reigne:
Zit war his factis sa licharus,
That euerie man micht se them plaine,
At Babylon he did desyre
Allace, allace,
To set the haill Castell on fyre
Quhair brunt he was.

Ptholomens Philopater,
The michtie king of Egypt land,
Being a michtie Conquerer
His lust vnto a wenche did stand
His weddit wyfe he put to deith
Allace allace,
Thus Princes oft do spend thair braith:
As come to pas.

Phisco lykewise the Lychorus
Quhilk Childzen be his Sisteris had:
That gat Heliogabalus,
Quhais lyfe in lust was spent to bad
Defyling Mayd and wyfe also
Allace, allace,
Harlottis with him micht ryde and go
Quhair he did pas.

Althocht Cains Caligula
All his awin Sisteris did defyle:
And thocht him self in quyet stay

Possessing

Poſſeſſing pleſure for ane quhyle,
Zit his men did his deith conſpyre:
Allace, allace,
This wretchit man he had his hyre
As come to pas.

¶Exampillis takin out of the Bybill.

WITH Bybill materis to begin,
Diſtoryis mony we may find:
How luſting luſe that laithſum ſin
The oppin eyis of ſum do blind,
Thocht Sichem Dina had defylde:
Allace, allace,
Baith he and Heymor war begylde
As come to pas.

Did not daintie Dalilay,
The michtie Sampſon bring to nocht:
Quhen he his ſecreit heid did wray
In Venus ſnair ſcho had him caucht
Did not Apame in lyke caſe
Allace, allace,
Straik that greit King vpon the face
As come to pas.

Thocht Ammon did his mynde fulfill
Vpon his Siſter Thamar deir:
Zit Abſolon his blude did ſpill,
Schortly efter as dois appeir
Thocht Dauid was the Lordis Elect:
Allace, allace.
With Bethſabe he was Infect
As come to pas.

Thocht Holofernes luſtit lang,
To haue to do on Iudethis bed:
His luſting lyke did happin wrang,
And ſcho did ſone ſtryke of his heid,
Quhat wyne and women do zow ſe,
Allace allace,
walk and wander with modeſtie,
In ony caſe.

Thocht Iudas did with Thamar ly,
Quhilk was his dochter be the Law:
The Geneſis dois teſtifie,
Iuſt Joſephis gude and godlie aw,
Quhen his Lordis wyfe wald him conſtraine:
Allace allace,
He maid hir purpois haillely vaine
As come to pas.

Of him let vs exampill tak
And neuer think on Cupides dart:
Uenus can nouther mar nor mak
Gif vnto God we ioyne our hart,
And leif this art of langing luſt:
Allace allace,
And in the Lord haue hope and truſt
Quhilk is and was.
FINIS.

ALL my luſe leif me not,
Leif me not leif me not,
All my luſe leif me not
Thus myne alone:
with ane burding on my bak,

I may

¶ All my Lufe leif me not. 193

I may not beir it I am ſa waik
Lufe this burding fra me tak
Or ellis I am gone.

With ſinnis I am ladin ſoir,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With ſinnis I am ladin ſoir
Leif me not alone:
I pray the Lord thairfoir
Keip not my ſinnis in ſtoir,
Lowſe me or I be forloir
And heir my mone.

With thy handis thow hes me wrocht.
Leif me not, leif me not,
With thy handis thow hes me wroche.
Leif me not alone:
I was ſauld and thow me bocht
With thy blude thow hes me coſt
Now am I hidder ſocht
To the Lord alone.

I cry and I call to the,
To leif me not, to leif me not,
I cry and I call to the
To leif me not alone:
All thay that ladin be
Thow biddis them cum to the
Than ſall thay ſaulf be
Throw thy mercy alone.

Thow ſaues all the penitent
And leiſis them not, and leiſis them not.

N. J.

Thow saifis all the penitent,
And leifis thame not allone:
All that will thair Sinnis repent,
Nane of thame salbe schent,
Suppose thy bow be reddy bent,
Of thame thow killis none.

Faith, hope, and cheritie,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Faith, hope, and cheritie,
Leif me not allone:
I pray the Lord grant me,
Thir godly giftis thre,
Than sall I saunt be,
Dout haue I none.

To the Father be all gloir,
That leifis vs not, that leifis vs not,
To the Father be all gloir,
That leuis vs not allone,
Sone and haly Baist, euer moir,
As it was of befoir,
Thow Christ our Sauiour,
We ar saif euerie one.

FINIS.

¶Of the day of iudgement.

ALL Christin and faithfull, in hart be toyfull
Reioyce and mak gude cheir,
Be merie and glaid, and be no moir sad
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Vnder protestatioun, with line and correctioun
That

That nane be offendit heir,
I will ſpeik planelie, to rais zour hartis quiklie,
The day of the Lord dzawis neir.

All Paipis and prelatis, and ſpiritnall eſtaitis
That thinkis ze haue na peir,
Caſt away zour wairis, zour princelie eſtairis
The day of the Lord dzawis neir.

O birdis of Iſrael, heir ze the Lordis bell
Knelland faſt in zour eir,
Quhilk biddis in plaine. leue zour triſſillis vane
The day of the Lord dzawis neir.

Perſonis that hes cure to preiche vnto the pure
Ze haue zour waigis to deir,
The lapit ze will not teiche, nor zit goddis word (will preiche
The day of the Lord dzawis neir.

I will zow erhort. in termis richt ſchort.
Baith Preiſt, Channoun, Monk, and Freir,
To ſlaik of zour ſleuth, & ſchaw furth the treuth
The day of the Lord dzawis neir.

And ze brethren a'l Eccleſiaſtica ll
Serue zour Lord God in feir.
Leue zour ceremonyis of zour awin fund gyis
The day of the Lord dzawis neir,

Zour coſtlie reparationis zour offeringis and
Zour curious notis in the queir (oblationnis
On the day of dreid, ſall ſtand in litill ſteid
Quhen the Lordis ſentence dzawis neir.

Princes and Kingis, that sa Royall Kingis
That suld haue all rewle and steir,
Do Justice equall. baith to greit and small
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

On the pure cõmounis suffer na oppressiounis
Bot humblie thair plaintis heir,
with extreme Justice, trespassouris punische,
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Syne with zour sword, let furth Goddis word
Our heuinly Mirrour cleir,
And anker zow sure on haly Scripture
For the day of the Lord drawis neir.

Erlis, Lordis, and Barrounis, hurt not zour (cõmounis
In body, gudis, nor geir:
Do ze the contrair, zour houss will missair
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Be trew to the Crowne defend zour Regioun
That zour forbearis oft sa deir,
And euer haue Eye, vnto zour libertie
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

I cry in generall, on Spirituall & Temporall,
his lertioun that ze leir:
member alwayis, that schort be zour dayis
day of the Lord drawis neir.

[illegible] sall horribill, be and eik terribill;
[illegible] Iust Iudge sall appeir:
[illegible] Iudge the warld with fyre
The

The day of the Lord drawis neir.

At ane Trumpet blast, we sall be all agast,
Heuin, hell, eird, sall it heir,
Syne stand befoir the Juge, without ony refuge
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

We sall giue rekning, of our sinfull leuing
We haue spendit in all maneir,
As we haue deseruit, sa sall we be seruit
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

That day the faithfull, salbe richt Joyfull
Befoir Christ quhen thay compeir.
Bot the vnfaithfull, salbe richt wofull
Quhen the Lordis sentence drawis neir.

To vnbeleuaris all, this sentence giue he sall,
with Ire and awfull cheir,
Pas ze to the hell, with Deuillis to dwell,
The heuin ze sall neuer cum neir.

The Just sall all stand, euin at his richt hand,
Defendit from all dangeir.
To quhome he sall say, richt sweitly that day
The sentence quhilk drawis neir.

Cum heir my Elect, and my awin sweit
Your hyre sall not be in weir,
Baith Sanll and body, in heuin Eternall
Thay sall dwell with me richt neir.

Quhairfoir I do call,

To ryis and be neuer ſweir
Bot euer bewar of the wofull ſnair
The day of the Lord drawis neir.

Awalk ay and pray baith in nicht and day
To Chriſt that coſt vs all deir
To be our mediatour in that feirfull hour
Quhen the day of the Lord drawis neir.

FINIS.

BLENK in this Mirrour man and mend.
For deir thow may thy exempill ſe,
To all mankynde it is weill kend
That euer come hidder, that he mon die
And fra this dome he may not fle,
Suppois he haue land and gold to ſpend
Array zow all and reddy be
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Deir is the reſſoun quha lykis to reid,
This day thow was ane King with Croun,
The mozne cummis deith withouttin dreid
Commandis the to his preſoun,
Richt ſuddanely he drawis the doun
Thow wait that thow mon with him wend
Thairfoir leif weill, be reddy bowne
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Thair is name in ſtait ſa hie
Prince, King, nor Empreour
Fra this dome ane fute may fle
For all his gold and his valour.
Thairfoir thow Blenk in this Mirrour

That

That is gracioullie to the lend,
Think on the ſweit and als the ſour
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Behald now to thir men of micht
That mekill hes, and wald haue mair,
And to thair lembling tak gude licht
How that thay pas away ſa bair.
And ſet not by how that we fair
That winnis all that thay ſpend,
Richt buſilie baith late and air,
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Sen thow wait that thow mon pas,
And thow wait nouther quhen nor quhair
And thy body ſall turne in Aſſe,
That thow now feidis vp ſa fair.
Confes thy ſinnis les and mair
Vnto thy God, or thow hyne wend,
And till him leyne for euer mair
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

FINIS.

O MAN ryſe vp and be not ſweir,
Repair aganis this gude new zeir
Thy new zeir gift thow hes in ſtoir
Sen I am he that coſt the deir
Gif me thy hart I aſk no moir.

Gif me thy hart for I ſuld haue it
It is my richt thairfoir I craif it,
To win the ſamin I ſuffert ſoir
And now am reddy to reſaue it.

Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

I am the Lord maid the of nocht
Lyke my awin Image hes the wrocht,
The to all frelage I did restoir,
Sen my hart blude thy hart hes bocht
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

I come in eirth, and thair did dwell,
I send na message bot my sell:
The to releif of deidly soir,
Sen I haue fred the from the hell
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

I haue the fred from all thirlage,
And hes preparit thyne heritage
Quhair deith sall neuer the deuoir,
And now am cummin to craif my wage
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

Bewar I am ane Jelous God,
I am na Image, stock nor wod:
Thairfoir giue naue of thay my gloir,
Sen I to heuin mon be the rod
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.

Let be thy sculptill honouris vaine
[illegible]nhilkis ar confoundit and prophaine
[illegible] swa ar all dois them adoir,
[illegible] David in Scripture plaine
[illegible] hart I ask no moir.

[illegible] hes offendit,

Contrair

O man behald this warldis vaniteis, &c

Contrair my Law thy lyfe hes spendit,
My mercy is reddy zit as of befoir
In this new zeir all may be amendit,
Gif me thy hart I ask no moir.
FINIS.

OMAN Behald this warldis vaniteis,
The Joy of it I wait is fantasie,
Thairfoir bewar my counsell now it is
Be glaid in God, for doutles thow mon die.

Think thow art cum, & wait not quhē to pas,
Think thow mō change, & wait not quhair to be,
Think quhy thow come, & quhat thy erand was
Be weill anyit, for doutles thow mon die.

Anise the weill. quhill thow hes tyme & space,
Exempill tak daylie as thow may se,
Quhen deith cummis thair is na vther grace
Bot zeild the than, for doutles thow mon die.

Zeild the to God with humbill hart contrite,
In Cheritie lyfe as thow wald lyfit be,
Gif thow wald leif without this warldis despite
Remember on this, for doutles thow mon die.

Remember vpon thy God Omnipotent,
That is and was, and euer moir salbe,
And for thy sin he faithfullie was schent
Be kynde againe, for doutles thow mon die.

Be kynde againe for heuin Celestiall
Quhair glore and Joy without end sall

Be kynde and dreid the cruell paine of hell
Thens thee the ane, for douties thow mon die.

FINIS.

SEN throw vertew Increſſis dignitie,
And vertew is flour and rute of Nobles ay
Of ony wit or quhat eſtait thow be,
Dis ſteppis follow, and dreid for none effray:
Eiert vice, and follow treuth alway
Luſe maiſt thy God that firſt thy luſe began
And for ilk Inche he will quyte the ane ſpan.

Be not ouir proude in thy proſperitie
For as it cummis, ſa will it pas away,
The tyme to compt is ſchort thow may weill ſe.
For of grene gers ſone cummis wallowit hay
Labour in treuth, quhilk ſuith is of thy fay
Traiſt maiſt in God, for he beſt gyde the can
And for ilk Inche he will the quyte ane ſpan.

Sen word is thrall, and thocht is only fre,
Thow dant thy toung, that power hes and may,
Thow ſtrik thy Ene fra warldis vanitie,
Refraine thy luſt, and harkin quhat I ſay
Graip or thow ſlyde, and ſteip furth the hie way,
Thow hald the faſt vpon thy God and man
And for ilk Inche he will the quyte ane ſpan.

FINIS.

¶Quod King Iames the firſt.

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